









Allie Baker



FRONTISPIECE, SEE "BROWNIE AND SINBAD," PAGE 29.

Child World

by



GAIL HAMILTON



BOSTON,
SHEPARD & GILL.

1873.

JOHN ANDREWS - SON.



CHILD WORLD.

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GAIL HAMILTON.

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CHILD-WORLD.

JOHNNY.

If you had been in Applethorpe, once upon a time, you would have seen two little girls sitting in the sunshine, shelling peas—both sitting in the sunshine, only one shelling peas—though the little fat fingers that were idle made quite as much stir among the peas as the larger fingers that were industrious. The owner of the little idle fingers was Charlotte;

the owner of the larger and more useful fingers was Gerty. Charlotte had just come from the city to visit her grandmother, who lived in the next house to Gerty, and who was Gerty's grandmother also. All country sights and sounds were new to Charlotte, and she followed Gerty, or "Gertard," as her little lips persisted in framing the name—wherever she went, with a world-ful of gladness in her bounding heart. "Gertard" was happy to have Charlotte with her, and so they chatted merrily on the grass-plot in the sunshine.

"We-e-pe! weepe! weepe! came a plaintive, weak voice, from behind the hedge."

"O Gertard, what is that noise?"

"It's a chicken crying; that's the way chickens cry."

"What's he crying for, Gertard?"

"Perhaps he's lost his mother, and can't find her."

"Weepe! weepe! weepe!" more distressed than before.

“Gertard, let’s go find the chicken’s mother for him.”

“Oh! perhaps he’ll find her himself pretty soon; and we must get the peas shelled for dinner.”

“When you get the peas shelled will you go?”

“If the chickey don’t find his mother, we’ll try.”

“What’s the chickey’s mother’s name?”

“I don’t know; she hasn’t any name; Biddy, as much as anything.”

“What’s the mother’s chickey’s name?”

“Chickey, as much as anything.”

“Chickey Biddy; isn’t his name Chickey Biddy? What you laughing at?”

“Nothing; only you’re so funny.”

“Weepe! weepe! weepe!”

“Oh! now he has not found his mother; now let’s go help him.”

Charlotte started to her feet, but “Gertard” showed her how nearly the peas were finished; so she waited till they were quite

done and carried into the house, and then they went in search of the sorrowful chicken who had lost his mother. It was not long before they found him—a tiny, trembling, black thing, with the slenderest, cold legs and sharp claws, that pricked Lotte's fingers when she wanted to take him—and so weak he could hardly stand. "You poor little lost chiekey, you," said Gerty, holding him up under her chin. "You poor little lost chiekey, you," echoed Lotte, stroking his downy back; but chiekey only shut his eyes, and looked very disconsolate and weary of the world. Gerty carried him to her father in the barn. "Papa, look!" said she, "see what I have found—a poor little sick chicken, who looks just as if he were going to die. I found him in the catnip bushes."

"Rather dubious," said her father, looking at the chicken. "You can take him into the house, however, and doctor him, and if he gets well you may have him."

Gerty was not so much delighted with this

as she would have been had the chickey held out a fairer prospect of recovery. Lotte, however, was quite sure he would get well—and Lotte was right. They put some cotton wool in a little basket and made it chickey's bed room, and fed him with bits of soaked biscuit and moistened Indian meal, well warmed with red pepper. The day after they found him, Lotte went away with her grandmother to spend the week, but as soon as she came home she went in to see the chicken. He was in the basket on a window seat, by which Gerty's mother was sewing.

“Have you had a good visit, Lotte?” said Mrs. Meadows.

“Can that chicken walk?” asked Lotte, eagerly.

“I asked you if you had a good visit?” repeated Mrs. Meadows.

“I want to see that chicken walk.”

“Then tell me if you had a good visit.”

“Let's see that chicken walk, *fast!*” per-

sisted Lotte. Mrs. Meadows could not help laughing, but she gratified her by putting the chicken in the chair to show that he could walk, giving Lotte at the same time a little wholesome instruction, which she probably forgot at the moment if she even heard it, so intent was she on the chicken. When Gerty came in, they carried him out doors and let him play a long while; he ran about as gay and lively as any of the chickens, and seemed to enjoy it very much.

“I’ve been waiting for you to come home to give him a name,” said Gerty.

“Oh! I’m so glad. I’ll give him a name. Let’s call him—oh! he’s so black, let’s call him Blackey.”

“Oh no! that is not a pretty name.”

“Well, let me think!”—but Lotte was not very fertile in names, and it took her a long while. Presently she said, rather doubtfully, would *Johnny* do?”

“Y-e-s,” said Gerty, “if you can’t find any better;” and so he was christened Johnny.

He grew very fast. His soft down turned into stiff, shining, black feathers, which looked blue, and purple, and green, in the sunshine. Everybody said he was the handsomest chicken on the farm. He became very fond of Gerty, and would feed from her hand, hop up on her shoulder, and lie in her lap.

“Do you want to see me make my chicken go to sleep?” said she to Lotte, one morning.

“I don’t believe you can,” replied Lotte. But Gerty took him, put his head under one of his wings, and swung him back and forth in her two hands several times; then she set him on the grass, and he really seemed to be asleep, for he lay perfectly still several minutes. Then he got up, stretched himself, shook his wings, and trotted away. Lotte wanted very much to see if she could do it, but Gerty was afraid her little hands could not manage the chicken.

A week or two after this Gerty went away with her father and mother, to spend the day, and gave Lotte a strict charge to feed Johnny and take care of him while she was

gone. Lotte was glad enough to do it, and watched him and fed him almost constantly.

All at once it came into her mind that here was a grand chance to try whether she could make Johnny go to sleep. "Gertard won't let me," thought she, "but I don't see why, and I mean to try. Perhaps I oughtn't, when she is gone, but I shall not hurt him any more than she, and I think he ought to take a nap after dinner, just as grandma does. Any way, I mean to make him." Alas! poor Johnny. Heaven help you, in those unskilful hands!

Lotte took the little fellow up, and tried to make the jaunty head go under the wing, but it slipped from her fingers every time, and seemed to perch on his neck straighter than before. "I don't believe it makes any difference about your head," mused Lotte; "I can give you the swing just the same, and I believe you will go to sleep." But instead of holding his body in both hands, as Gerty had done, she swung him round and round by the neck with one hand. Alas! alas! when she set

him on the grass he shook, and struggled and kicked, and fluttered a minute or two, and then he was asleep indeed. He was dead!

Lotte did not know it at first. She thought something was wrong when he struggled, but was overjoyed to see that he finally became still. Only he did not sit so pretty with his head out of sight as he did before; but his head fell over on the ground, and his eyes were open, and his legs stretched out. When she thought he had slept long enough, she called—

“Johnny! Johnny! Chickey!—come, wake up!” But Johnny did not mind her. Then she touched him—then took him in her hand. His head drooped, and it flashed into her mind that she had killed him. In an agony of terror she rushed into the back yard, and threw the chicken into a dog kennel in the shed.

No more play or sunshine for Lotte that day. Her grandmother wondered why she was so still, thought she must be lonely without Gerty, and told her that Gerty would soon be at home. She did not know that Lotte sat at

the window with a beating heart, looking for the first sight of Gerty as the thing she most dreaded. The sun went down and the stars came out, and Gerty had not come, and grandma said Lotte must go to bed. She was glad to go. She should not see Gerty that night, at least.

In the morning, when she first awoke, she had forgotten her trouble; but it was not long before the memory of it fell like a heavy weight upon her heart. "Grandma, did Gertard come home last night?" was her first question.

"Yes, lovey, and she came in here, but you were asleep. She thought you must have brought Johnny in here; but I told her I hadn't seen anything of him. What did you do with him?"

"I didn't do anything with him," said Lotte, lying down again. Poor, poor Lotte!

"Well, that's funny. Esther must have put him somewhere." Her grandmother left the room without saying anything more. Just

then Lotte heard Esther's well-known call to the chickens. Now Lotte always made a great account of being present when Esther fed the chickens, but this morning she was very glad not to be there; for Esther always stood close in front of the shed, where poor Johnny was lying cold and dead. Lotte crept to the window, and peeped out behind the curtain, expecting Esther would go straight to the kennel and discover him. No; she went as usual, with a basin of dough, soaked crusts, potato peelings, and other orts, and her apron full of shelled corn, crying,—“Biddy! Biddy! Biddy!”

All sorts of Biddies came from all quarters, flying through the gate and over the fences; but Lotte was not there, half laughing and half frightened at being in the midst of them. Miserable Lotte was watching them behind the curtain. The happy young pullet stopped her proud “Cut—cut—cut—ke-dah-cut!” over her first egg, and rushed for her own particular tid-bit.

“Cluck! cluck! cluck!” said the motherly

old hen, louder than ever, hurrying her chicks along to the great clots of yellow dough thrown on the grass, and then picking them up and scattering them with her bill into little morsels, just large enough for the eager little bills around her.

“Gobble-obble-obble-obble-obble,” said the old cock-turkey, strutting about, scratching the ground with the stiff feathers of his wings, and expanding his tail like a fan in all directions; but when he saw what was going on he took up his wings and took down his tail, and swallowed his pride and his breakfast as fast as any of them.

“Yaang! yaang! yaang!” screamed the geese, half running, half flying, in their hot haste, making more noise than all of the rest, till a handful of corn rattled down the long neck of one, and an unusually hard junk of crust stuck in the bill of another, which she took one side and disposed of at her leisure.

“Cock-adoo-dle-do-o-o!” trumpeted the rooster, the most generous of the whole lot;

for he kept guard over his hens, only picking a kernel now and then, which he quite as often threw down again. On a post of the old fence sat a grave little robin, looking on the scuffle with evident astonishment, till he flew away to a neighboring tree-top, and poured out his soul of sweetness, which no letters and no words can imitate.

How Lotte did want to be there—poking the geese with a long stick—seeing that all the chickens had fair play—driving away the hens that pecked each other—throwing handfuls of corn far out into the grass, for the sake of seeing them all scamper—screaming with delight and terror, when Esther purposely threw some at her feet, and the whole crowd rushed, flew, and tumbled over her. But Esther emptied her horn of plenty, and went into the house; and the chickens, and turkeys, and geese, pecked around a little while, and wiped their bills against the grass, and gradually dispersed, and still Lotte stood at the window.

“Boo!” said a voice behind her. She started in a greater fright than Gerty expected, and stood trembling.

“I didn’t mean to scare you so,” said Gerty; “I came to ask you where is Johnny?”

“I don’t know—I have not seen him.”

“Why!—didn’t you feed him yesterday?”

“No—yes, I fed him yesterday morning.”

“Where did he go then?”

“I—I—don’t know—” But Lotte was not used to telling falsehoods, and she cried out with a burst of tears—“Oh, Gertard, I didn’t mean to!—I didn’t mean to!”

“Oh! what have you done?” exclaimed Gerty.

“I killed him! I wanted to make him go to sleep, and he went and died, right off!”

“Oh! you naughty, wicked girl!” said Gerty, crying, too.

The loud weeping of the two girls brought grandma up stairs. She was very sorry when she heard their story—and very glad. Sorry that Gerty had lost her Johnny—sorry that

Lotte had killed him—very sorry that she had told a lie—but very glad that she had not persisted in it. She talked to them soothingly; told Lotte how wrong it was in the first place to do what Gerty did not wish her, and how it led to the wicked falsehood; but praised her also for telling the truth, at least; showed Gerty that she ought not to be angry with Lotte, who did not mean any harm, and who was as sorry for Johnny as she was. Then she kissed them both, and they kissed each other, and were very good friends again.

After breakfast, Gerty told Lotte that her papa was going to make a grave for Johnny, and a stone.

“What kind of a stone?” said Lotte.

“A shingle, I guess,” said Gerty; “and he’s going to put something on it. Papa, what are you going to put on it?”

“Anything you wish, daughter. What should you like to have?”

Gerty thought a moment—“His name, I should think—Johnny.”

“Johnny Biddy,” said Lotte.

“And how old he is,” added Gerty.

“Uncle,” said Lotte, and hesitated.

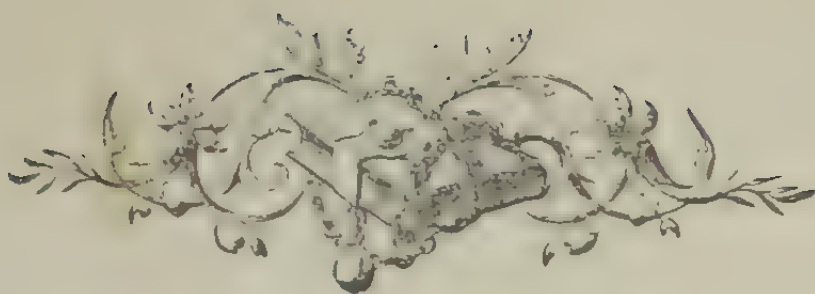
“Well, my dear.”

“Don’t you put on I killed him, will you?”

He assured her he would not. After it was all over, he took them to the grave, under an old apple-tree. A shingle was standing on the ground, on which was written with a piece of coal—

JOHNNY :

Aged eight weeks.



BROWNIE AND SINBAD.

The loss of Johnny was not the only trouble Gerty had to encounter. Even before Johnny was born, a cloud lowered in her sky. It took the shape of a tooth in her mouth. She had a fine set of teeth behind her red lips; the only trouble was that there were too many of them.

Over one of her front teeth came peeping and peering a second which had no business there. Her father saw it one day, and looked serious, for he knew it must come out. Pres-

ently he told Gerty. Gerty said it did not hurt her at all.

“But it will make your lip grow out, and you will be very ugly.”

“I do not care,” said Gerty.

“You will care when you are grown up; every one will notice it. It will be a deformity.”

“I do not care,” persisted Gerty. “I would rather be deformed than hurt.”

It was in vain to reason with her; to tell her that the pain would be only for a little while, the benefit for all her life. She was too young to set much value on her looks. For a piece of mince pie at breakfast every morning, I do not know that she would not have bargained to be a dwarf or a giant forever. So her father let it rest for awhile, as there was no immediate hurry; but it was a trouble, all the same. Gerty had a secret misgiving that something dreadful would come of it in time, and her father and mother shrank from giving her pain.

“You might take ether,” suggested Jack, after they had been one day discussing it, and Gerty broached the subject when her father came home.

“Father, if you will let me take ether, I will have my tooth out.”

“And perhaps I should lose my little girl.”

“No, father, you would only lose her tooth, and that you do not want.”

If Gerty had been my little girl, I do not hesitate to say she should have had the ether and welcome. Pain is too dreadful to be accepted when it can be avoided, and the very slight risk seems to me far preferable to the certain suffering. But Gerty's father was afraid of the consequences.

Meanwhile the impertinent tooth grew, and grew, and grew. Gerty banged it with her fists to keep it back, but apparently it thrived on ill usage, and her father and mother presently decided between themselves that something must be done about it at once. Unwilling to use mere authority, they cast about for

motives which might influence her, and consequently it came to pass that while they were eating breakfast one morning, they perceived an unusual stir in the yard, and on going to the window, lo! a beautiful little red-brown pony, "All saddled, all bridled, all fit for a—ride." You can easily imagine that if I were to repeat all that was said in the first few minutes thereafter, I should exhaust the printer's interrogation and exclamation points, so I omit all till the final answer, when Gerty's father said the pony was his, but he wished to sell it to Gerty.

"Me, father! why I cannot give you anything but my brass ninepence, and that will not pass."

"Yes, you have something else that I want; something that is of no manner of use to you, but will be a great satisfaction to me. Shall we drive a bargain?"

"What can it be?" thought Gerty, screwing her face into an expression of most intense thought.

“Well, Miss, here is the bargain. I will sell you the pony, saddle and all, if you will give—me—your—tooth!”

Poor Gerty was sore beset. There was the pony, just as handsome and bewitching as he could be. There were the other children trying to persuade her that it was not much to have just one tooth out—the little wretches! If it had been their own tooth that was at stake, they might have taken a different view of the matter; but I have ever observed that it does not hurt you half as much to have other people's teeth extracted as it does to have your own.

There was, moreover, Gerty's own little horse-woman's heart tugging her along toward the pony; her own little heart which leaned so naturally toward all four-footed friends.

Well, the result was, that her father took her to town that very day, and the dentist—

Now if you suppose I am going to entertain you with an account of the cutting and crashing, and general revolution that went on in

poor Gerty's troubled mouth, you are very much mistaken. If you wish to know how it felt, you can just go and try it yourself. There are plenty of dentists, and I dare say you could lose one or two teeth without missing them. Hurt her? of course it did. Could any one have a bone wrenched out of his body without being hurt? But the blessing in all such cases is that it cannot last forever, and Gerty came home in her father's arms, very much frightened, and flushed, and tearful, and was comforted with a ride on the pony's back that very night—which was very effectual—and the assurance that she would be a handsome young lady in about eight years, which was very ineffectual.

When it came to naming the horse every one had a suggestion, but Gerty was decided. "Brownie" was to be the name. Jack thought there was no reason why the horse should be called "Brownie" if the chicken could not be Blackey. But Gerty maintained that Ellen Montgomery's pony, in "The Wide Wide

World," was named Brownie, and as Gerty was a profound admirer of Ellen and Ellen's Brownie, Brownie it was.

Four months he went in and out among the children, the sweetest, dearest, gentlest, wisest pet of a horse that was ever seen. The pony trotted around after the children and the children trotted around after the pony. He ate corn from their hands, and bread and cake and pudding. Anything left on their plates they were sure to take to Brownie, and he seemed to enjoy the dainties as much as they. Some people thought peach preserve was rather extravagant for a horse, but Gerty would like to know if Brownie was not to have what he liked as well as the rest; and for her part, she would rather have a little less herself than he should go without! It could never be clearly perceived that she took any the less herself on his account, but certainly he did not go without. Brownie learned to unfasten the gate himself, and to take down the bars, and to come when he was called, and was, altogether,

a discreet and docile pet, and a solid comfort in the family. Gerty let the others ride him so much that they scarcely felt the want of a horse themselves, though Trip did insult her father one morning, with the proposal that he should give her a pony in exchange for a tiny first tooth, which she had the greatest difficulty in keeping in her mouth, and got a smart pinch of the ear for her pains.

But one fatal morning, Gerty's cousin Robert, who was visiting them, rode Brownie to the village to bring the letters from the post office. He tied him to a post when he went into the office. Some men were blasting rocks a little way off. At the first explosion, Brownie jumped so violently that he broke his halter. He did not run, however, till a man near by started at him, with a shout, to catch him. He was nervous, but he was sensible, and a moment's reflection had already calmed his fears; but this quick, loud cry of a strange voice added to his terror, and he trotted down the road excitedly, head erect, ears set forward,

but still not very rapidly. Unhappily a train of railroad cars came thundering across the road just at that moment, and poor Brownie quite lost his remaining self-possession, turned a short corner with a great leap, hurled himself against a huge, sharp fragment of rock, and fell heavily to the ground. A crowd quickly gathered around him. They thought at first he was not hurt, but a second look showed his head to be twisted far around on his neck. He seemed unable to turn it. Mr. Meadows was sent for. He brought a celebrated horse-doctor, who examined the pony, and said he might live a week or two but never could be well. His neck was broken—strange as it may seem that he could live at all in such a condition—his whole body was paralyzed, but the beautiful, wistful eyes were upturned to his friends with mute pleading. It was in vain. Love and pity could not save him.

“I will never have another pet,” said Gerty, in her first transport of grief. “It is a

great deal worse to lose them than it is not to have them."

"No," sobbed Trip, who had been indulging in great wails of sorrow and sympathy, "If it is only a *bus-keeta*, he goes and gets hisself dead and Lotte wrings his neck off!"

But time assuages the sharpest troubles, and Gerty could no more help having pets than she could help being Gerty; and when her father told her he had something for her out in the barn, she caught her hat, and ran out dragging it by one string, as eagerly as if her hopes had never been disappointed, or her loves embittered.

A poor, little, weak, frightened, trembling calf, with beautiful, soft, timid eyes of mazarine blue, and tottering sticks of legs, that seemed hardly able to support, or even to balance the awkward, rough, red body. That was what Gerty saw in the barn, and what made her rush back into the house, with a bright flush on her round cheeks.

“O, Mother! come! My calf is come! O, Jack! O, Trip! come and see him!” And out she darted again, half upsetting Jack who stood in the doorway with a mug of milk in his hand. Of course, the milk splashed over on his jacket and on the floor, but Gerty could not be diverted from the calf by any small matters.

“Ugh! what a piece of work!” ejaculated Esther, as she took Jack’s hands and rubbed down his jacket with vigorous strokes. “One would think there had never been a calf on the farm before, by the way she goes on.”

Jack armed himself with this remark, and, as soon as he was released, sauntered out to the barn and took a lively and leisurely survey.

“Did you ever see such eyes?” asked Gerty, in admiring enthusiasm.

“Very often,” answered Jack, coolly. “I’ve seen a great many calves on this farm before, and they all have eyes alike.”

“Now, Jack, that is stupid for a boy of your age. You know Miss Kedge said there never

were two things alike, and for you to pretend that all the calves born on this farm have eyes alike!"

"Well, as like as two peas in a pod, then. So near alike you can't tell the difference. Your eyes and mine, now, I call different; mine are about black, and yours are—I should think—a little—a greyish green."

"And then he is so cunning, poor thing!" continued Gerty, waiving the question of eyes with silent disdain. "And he has no mother—to speak of—and I am going to be his mother and bring him up by hand, and call him Sinbad, and Sinny, for short."

"I don't think that is a pretty name," said Jack.

"I think it is a pretty name, and so does Trip, and so does Mother. Don't you, Trip?"

"Yes, I do think it's a *deuce* pretty name," replied Trip, with the complacent consciousness of having expressed an important opinion, in elevated language. Jack turned upon her in astonishment.

“Swearing!”

“She isn’t swearing,” cried Gerty.

“What does deuce, mean, Trip?”

“It means—why it means he is a pretty calf. I should think anybody might know that.”

“It means the devil,” said Jack, impressively.

“Well, I can say ‘*devil*,’ too,” said Trip, who was not to be put down by trifles. She had very indistinct notions of what she was talking about, but when she heard a new word she generally treasured it up to produce on great occasions.

“You better not, if you can.”

“And besides,” interposed Gerty, who was more interested in her calf than in verbal niceties, “Mother said Sinbad was a remarkably good name. For when I get tired of ‘Sinny,’ and wanted to change, I could call him, ‘Bad-dy,’ without changing him really, and that would be a—crollary—of the other.”

“What’s that?”

“I don’t know, exactly; something that sort

of belongs to it, you know. You sin, and of course, you are bad." And she fell to hugging the calf, and calling him all sorts of caressing names.

Now I will tell you a secret. Master Jack, though he did, in various ways, and at every fitting opportunity, disparage Gerty's calf, did, nevertheless, in his inmost soul, cherish a profound respect for his calfship, and would have given, as Esther said more than once, privately, to comfort Gerty, all his old shoes, yes, and some of his new ones, for just such personal property as Gerty's. Not that Jack ever made any public acknowledgment to that effect. Far from it.

"Why, I expect to own an elephant, one of these days," said Jack, when charged with casting longing eyes upon Sinny. "Why should I care about a calf?"

"My Sinny is certainly a great genius," said Gerty one day. "He will not drink milk like other calves; he will drink only water."

“Pshaw!” said Jack, “I will risk his drinking milk, if you will only let him stop long enough to get hungry. But just you try him when I give him his dinner and see.”

So at noon Jack took his basin of milk, and Gerty her dipper of water, and sure enough, not a drop of milk would Sinny drink.

“There!” exclaimed Gerty, “now see!” and she held the basin of water to his nose, and Sinny snuffed and looked up, and snuffed again, and took a good draught.

If Jack had been a wise boy he would have acknowledged himself beaten and retired from the field. But no.

“If you must come down to a calf,” said Jack “of course you have to make the most of him. I don’t see any difference between his drinking milk or water. If you had an elephant, now, who could pick you up and throw you over his head, it would be some fun.”

“Sinny is certainly the best fellow of a little baby in the whole world,” cried Gerty again.

“For all he hasn’t any mother he eats cold potatoes and fried things, and meats and crusts, and everything, and eats it out of my hand just as poor Brownie did, and licks my hand all over just as loving.” And little Trip shuddered with fear, and flushed with delight, and wished she were not afraid to have him lick her hand. But Jack, when he found the chance to try the experiment alone, took a crust of bread to see for himself whether Sinny would eat it, and finding that he did, became so interested that he forgot he was on a secret enterprise, and so was caught by Gerty in a very charming frolic with the despised Sinny.

“So you really found Sinny entertaining?” inquired Gerty, triumphantly.

“I found her hungry,” he answered, with an attempt at indifference.

“O, now, you had better pretend! Did I not see you take the crust out of the closet, and slip it under your jacket, and did not I know then what you wanted, and have not I been waiting and waiting, and peeping through

the clink ever since you have been here, till my eyes are just ready to drop out?"

"Favesdropper!" said Jack, rather sheepishly, for he did not fancy being caught in that way, but he could not help joining in Gerty's merry laugh, as he turned a somersault to hide his confusion.

But his own triumph was near at hand. One day John brought home a goat and presented it, with a great flourish, to Jack. That young gentleman forgot his elephants, and the first thing was to rush into the house and find Gerty.

"Now, Miss Gerty, come out here! Only just come out a minute! I have something now as good as your calf!"

"You always said my calf was not good for anything," said Gerty, who had an inconvenient memory, and was already up in arms for Sinny's endangered sovereignty. Jack, very wisely, made no attempt at replying, but only pulled Gerty along eagerly.

“There! a goat, Miss, a goat! What do you think of that?”

“I think it is a goat, and none too handsome, either.”

“And you would rather have a poor, stupid calf than that?”

“No; but I would rather have a bright, knowing calf, like my Sinny.”

“Why, Sillyramus, what can a calf do?”

“He can grow up into a cow, which your goat never can do if he lives a thousand years.”

There was so much truth in this remark that Jack was for a moment taken aback, but he soon returned to his guns.

“But I shall have a little carriage made and a harness, and let my goat be a horse and carry me to drive.”

“And I shall let the cow, that my calf is going to turn into, give milk to make boiled custards for dinner.” And filled with this high resolve, Gerty went into the house and left Jack to his meditations and his goat.

The goat proved to be as remarkably intelligent and gifted in his way as the calf was in hers. Jack christened him Friday, after Robinson Crusoe's man Friday, and gave him a careful education, and a carriage and harness to match. As was often the case, Trip, without owning anything herself, reaped the chief benefit of other people's possessions; for being little and light, she had many more drives with Friday than any one else, and of Sinny she had all the enjoyment without any of the care.

Sinny and Friday, notwithstanding the rivalry between their owners, struck up a warm friendship between themselves. Grazing in the fields with the cows, they generally managed to keep close together, and when they were in very high spirits, they played all manner of wild pranks with each other, to the great amusement of the children. When they were called, however, no matter how delightful might be the game in which they were engaged, they would leave it and obey.

One morning as Jack went to the bars, the calf leaped towards him with a loud and pitiful b-a-a!" Gerty heard it, and thought he must be sick.

"Only general ill-temper," said Jack, unconcernedly.

"O no," said Gerty, too much alarmed for jesting, "I am afraid Friday has been goring him," for that was the fear that ever haunted her.

"Not a bit of it," said Jack, cheerily, "they are too good friends for that."

"But in fun, you know; he might, just in play, and not mean to hurt poor Sinny."

"Where is Friday?" cried Jack, suddenly.

"Why, is not he here with Sinny?"

"I can't see him anywhere."

They called, but no Friday came leaping over the grass. They went into the field, and the calf turned and galloped clumsily, but rapidly, with tail high uplifted, till he reached the opposite wall. The children followed and found him standing by a gap, with his fore feet on

the rocks, and repeating his prolonged and distressing cries. And lo! on the other side, poor Friday, half sunk in a boggy hole, clinging to a broken branch with his fore feet, and his horn entangled in a thorny vine twisted about the branch. Regardless of the danger of getting into the mire themselves, they sprang to his relief; and after much tugging and disentangling, succeeded in bringing the frightened, trembling creature to high and dry land.

“Poor old Friday,” cried Gerty, “I should like to scold him,—tearing down the wall, and getting into the neighbor’s bogs. But he is so scared, I pity him.”

“O, Gerty,” said Jack, “if it had not been for Sinmy we should have lost him. He could not have stood it much longer. See how he trembles. You won’t catch me saying another word against Sinmy. He’s the most knowing thing I ever saw.”

Gerty’s eyes sparkled with delight. “Seems like a Newfoundland dog-story, does it not?” said she.

“He shall have a blue ribbon, sir, I tell you, quick.”

“And my silver dollar, with a hole in it, for a medal.”

“Yes,” said Jack, “only I suppose he would lose it.”

“Just for Fourth of July, and such days, to celebrate with.”

After this event, which, let me assure my young readers, really happened, Friday and Sinny were, if possible, more intimate than ever, except in the vicinity of water. But if Sinny so much as walked into a mud-puddle to cool her feet, on a summer noon, Friday was sure to stand stock still at a safe distance for a minute, and then scamper away in terror.



NANTY THULA.

The young Maylands were engaged in very grave consultation,—but how many young Maylands are there? First, there is Master Martial, a clever gentleman, who thinks it is almost time for him to be called “Mister,” and browbeats the little ones into doing it when he happens to feel in the mood. He is just now making himself conspicuously obnoxious in the family by continually strutting around in his first long-talked-of, and long-wished-for

“tails,” and persistently affirming that his beard is beginning to grow, though the most minute, if candid, examination reveals nothing but a general dinginess.

Miss Erne is a matronly little lady, at first blush, but closer acquaintance shows a sparkle in her eyes, and a spring in her toes, which makes her a fair match even for merry Bob. Pug-nosed Bob, what have you to say for yourself? How do the statistics look this morning? What tale does the yard-stick tell? For you must know, little reader, that this pug-nosed Bob, with his shock of black hair, and the restless, mischievous fingers, measures himself every other day to see how much he has grown. Apparently he fears he may steal a march on himself, and shoot up four or five feet before he finds it out. Then there is pale, quiet, little Agnes, and red-cheeked, round-limbed Margaret; and Margaret it was who left the solemn council-chamber, and trotted into the library, and climbed over the arm of her father’s chair and softly began:—

“Papa, Erne says”—and waited for him to lay down his pen and look at her. The soft, sweet voice had not long to wait.

“What does Erne say, daughter?”

“Erne says we can’t have any Christmas,” and the round face grew just as long as it could grow.

“No Christmas! Why, what has happened?”

“O, papa! Erne can’t think. Erne says she has thinked and thinked, and she can’t think any more. O, papa, can’t you think?”

“Think what, pet?” for Mr. Mayland could not “think” what she meant.

“Oh! something for Christmas, very great and grand,” said Rob, who had come in and taken up his station on the other side of the study-chair.

“Something like St. Paul’s Cathedral, for instance,” said papa, placing a strong arm around each, and whisking them up on his knees.

The fact was, that in the family council Erne and Martial had been the active members, the

others agreeing with everything that was proposed to be done, and lamenting when anything was decided to be left out. But Erne and Martial could not fasten upon anything "nice" and novel.

"Of course, we don't want to do the same thing year after year, for a whole century," said Martial, when a Christmas-tree had been proposed.

"I'd just as soon do the same thing for a century as not, if it's a Christmas-tree," moaned Meg.

"Of course you would; Miss Roly-Poly," said Erne, looking up from the coals which she had been meditatively poking, and "making at" Meg with the hot end of the poker, "of course you would. You had nothing to do but look at it after it was all made, and take down perpetual bags of sugar-plums. Just you have all the work, and the planning, and the care, and the trouble, and to keep the children away, and not get wax on the carpet, and set the house a-fire, and disturb papa, and then see

how you would like it right over and over again."

But when Erne got up and put away the poker, and said tragically, "Well, we can't have any Christmas at all, that I see, for I'm sure I've thought till my brain is as hot as a coal, and I can't think any more." Margaret determined to appeal to a higher power for aid. No Christmas was a calamity which she could not calmly contemplate. Therefore, papa was requested to put on his thinking-cap, and begin. He had hardly had time, however, to turn the subject over in his mind, before Martial sounded the tocsin at the head of the stairs.

"Girls! children! Rob! Meg! Margaret! Why, what has become of the family?" And, not reflecting that nobody had had time to respond, he leaped over the baluster, swung himself to the floor below, popped his head into the library, and cried—"Nanty Thula is here! wants to see us! Come along, every one of you!" and rushed off to gather the rest of the absentees. No need of a second call. Ever

Christmas and its exigencies were forgotten. Meg and Rob tumbled down from their father's knee, Agnes left the canary that she was feeding to fly about in the conservatory, and all rushed up to see Aunt Thula, the dear old negro nurse, who had done her best to pet and spoil them when they were babies, and kept it up still, as far as was possible, through the holidays. They were all her "chil'n," and would be, all their days; and they hung around her and hugged her, and warmed her old heart with their simple tenderness.

"Now, I suppose ye's gwine ter have high times, Christmas an' New Year—no lessons nor work, an' yer pa at home."

"O, Nanty Thula!" sighed Erne, "of all days in the year, Christmas and New Year are the most trying."

"Laws, Miss Erne, honey, I allus thought no oder days want no count wid yer long o' dem."

"But the presents—the presents are such a trouble. Whatever to get for such a rabble?"

Papa will furnish the money, but who will furnish the brains, to think up anything new to get, or any nice way to do it, that is not as old as the world?"

"O, chile! I hope yer sweet heart 'ill never know not 'in' wuss." And Aunt Thula fetched a sigh from the very deeps of her heart—a sigh which had so much sorrow in it, that even the merry children were saddened.

"O, Nanty Thula! what is it?" asked Erne softly, and Meg put up her chubby fist to the dark face, and echoed—"What is it?"

"I'se a mis'able ole woman, to be a sorrowin' you on your play-days," replied Aunt Thula, apologetically; "but I'se so full it will run over."

"I knew something was the matter, the moment you came in," said Martial, his brave, boyish face grown beautiful with sympathy. "Now you'd better tell us, and perhaps we can help you."

"No, honey, you can't. Nobody can help me but de Lor'; and sometimes He will, and

sometimes He won't. Oh, bress de Lor!" with sudden remorse—"yes, He allus helps us; but 'tis in His own way. We's a poor race, we niggers, an' de laws is strong; an' Peely's a slave, an' I can't git her, no how!" And honest Aunt Thula poured her sobs into her big bandanna, while the children stood by, awed into silence.

"I'se a mis'able ole woman, any how."

"But, dear old Nanty," cried Erne, "you darling Nanty, how came Peely a slave? You're not a slave."

"No, honey; but I was a slave."

"Why, I didn't know it."

"Nor I, either," added Martial; "we were so little, you know. I wish you would tell us all about it,—if you don't mind."

"It's a bad ting to talk about, deed, honey. It b'longs to de devil. Don't b'long to de Lor', no how. I'se a slave, b'longed ter Mass Pete Gillus. He died, an' left us all, me an' the chil'n, to Miss Mary and Miss Beulah. Dem was two old maid sisters. When dey died, I

was to be free, an' de chil'n, dey wan't never to be removed; dey was allus to stay roun' de ole place. Chloe was to go to one of the gran'sons, Parson Gillus, we called 'im. She was named for his gran'ma; an' dey all liked her, an' she was a little kitten for 'em, sure. She was to be freed when she was sixteen."

"Chloe is Chloe that used to live here?"

"Yes, honey."

"So they did free her?"

"O, yes, honey. Parson Gillus was a good man, an' he freed Chloe when she was sixteen; but she stayed with him an' Miss Gillus till dey both died, an' den she come to de city an' married."

"And didn't they free the others, too," asked Rob.

"No, might as well not. De rest had to serve forever, *I* say—till dey was thirty-five year old, an' work to death, till de best part of 'em was gone."

"Well, Nanty Thula, are they free yet? Where are they now? Where was the place?"

“’Bout forty miles from de ole home, honey—Mount Joy; we was all raised there. When Miss Mary and Miss Beulah died, de property was divided. Free? yes, dey’s e’en jis’ free, all of ’em. Oh, Lor’!” And a gush of grief overcame Aunt Thula again; but she soon went on—

“All de property went to two nephews; dey was brudders—Mass Jeans and Mass Pete. Dreful bad. Mass Pete was a perfect torment in dis worl’, and I ’xpect he’ll be wuss in de next. De chil’n didn’t fall to him; dey went to Mass Jeans. He was better dan de ole one; bad enough, any how. He toted ’em all off to Tennessee. Hadn’t ought to, no ways. Mass Gillus, Miss’r Gillus, said dey wan’t never to be moved from de ole place.”

“But Aunty, how could he? ’Twas against the law.”

“Law, chile!—law aint for de weak; law is for de strong. Law is for white men, not for niggers. He said he was on’y gwine to take ’em till things was settled; fotch ’em back

agin in de spring. Nobody ever set eyes on 'em dere agin."

"Oh, you poor, dear, darling Aunt Thula! —didn't you ever see them again?"

"Yes, honey; Prince he got free eight years ago, an' he come on right off, an' I've had him under my nose ever since. Den Toby he was sold. Mass Jeans he got short o' money, an' he sold him to one of de neighbors."

"Was he a good master?"

"Ah, honey! most of 'em down dere is bad; aint many good mas'rs. Dis one is a heap better dan de oder. He's to'able. He let Toby come home once to see me. Toby worked and got de money. He'd been gone nine years, and grow'd so I didn't know him. He stayed five months, and den went back. O, Lor'! and two years ago, he got free, an' was jist gittin' ready to come home, an' he took de fever an' died."

"O, Auntie! that was too bad!" cried little Meg.

"No, honey, not too bad, else 'twouldn't

have been; but jis bad enough. Den Peely, I aint hearn from her dis long while. I'se mighty oneasy. I reckoned dey wouldn't write for her; an' den p'raps she was dead; and las' week, Mass Jeams he writ an' said Peely's time was out next March; but she aint no ways well and he'd let her come now, if we'd send on de money to pay for de journey. But oh, Lor'! whar's de money comin' from? If I'se well, I'd git it; but I've got de misery in my back, so I aint good for not'in', and Prince's roomatis laid him up two months; he aint jes' able to walk now, an' it takes all we can rake an' scrape, me an' Prince, to git along; an' my health is too bad for me to be knockin' round dis way."

"He's a miserable, mean scamp!" cried Martial, suddenly firing up. "Keep Peely and work her to death, and then not give her money to come home with, after he'd stolen her away in the first place."

"An' after she'd done servin' all dis time. Yes, 'tis mighty mean. Mass Jeams allus

was meaner'n dirt. Dat's de wus ting 'bout him."

"Aunt Thula," cried Erne, after a pause, "how much money do you want to get Peely home?"

"Laws, honey, more'n I can git in a mont' o' Sundays. Nigh on thirty dollars." And Thula drew her gay shawl about her shoulders and arose, heavily.

"That's right, Aunt Thula," cried Erne clapping her hands; "I don't want you here; I want you to go." But though her words were unlovely, her voice and face were not. Evidently she had been thinking, notwithstanding her morning inability to "think any more."

"Nanty Thula go away,
Come again another day."

When Thula was gone, Erne came out with her thought.

"Now, I say, let's take our money, and give it to Aunt Thula. I'm tired of Christmas

presents and I'll give mine; and if you don't, you are very selfish and hard-hearted. That's all I have to say about it."

"I'll give mine," said Meg, terrified by the tone.

"But we can't get thirty dollars, all told," said Martial, who, by virtue of his age and sex was the financier of the kingdom.

"Yes we can; if we all give up every speck and grain of our money, I know papa will give us the rest. I know him so well I know he will."

What appalling fate would have annihilated papa had he refused, I do not know; but he did not refuse. He was rich enough to gratify his children—especially glad to encourage them in finding happiness in the happiness of others; and it was no small pleasure to him to see even Robby and Meg flushed with desire to give this great boon to the faithful old nurse. And when in the afternoon they all marched down to the cottage where Aunt Thula lived with Prince—a good two miles; but they were well

and strong—each with two gold pieces in his pocket—for this all happened in the age of gold—you could not find a happier or a handsomer group in all the land.

Aunt Thula's New Year was gladdened by her long-lost daughter—the daughter who went away from her a buxom lass of eighteen—who came back to her weary, worn-out, almost an old woman, at thirty-five; but her daughter still, and well-beloved.

“So we did have our Christmas, after all,” said Rob, as they sat on Christmas evening, cracking nuts around the library fire.

“And the best Christmas ever I see,” added Meg, crawling out from under her father's chair, where she had been in pursuit of a vagrant nut.

“Roll, Meg; don't creep. You'd get there sooner,” drawled Martial.

“I've got there,” said Meg, in perfect good faith—“I'm just getting out again.”

“It was a good Christmas, because it wasn't a selfish Christmas,” said Erne, with the dignity

of an archbishop. "We are a great deal happier now, with nuts and molasses candy—making them and eating them, than we should have been with all manner of nice candies and things, and toys, and know that Peely was a slave, and couldn't get out."

"Yes, we were good and kind, and gave our money, and that makes us happy," preached Meg, self-complacently, handing down her moral reflections to Rob, second-hand.

"But you would not have done it if I had not made you," interposed Erne severely. Meg's thermometer went suddenly down several degrees below freezing point.

"But you did it as fast as you understood it," said Martial, punching her very hard to impress it on her mind—"and you were as noble as a queen and as happy as a clam."

Thermometer goes up with a bound into the summer heat.



TRIP'S LESSON.

There was a very gentle rap at Uncle Arthur's door. Uncle Arthur only muttered "Babies!" turned over on his pillow, and disposed himself for his third morning nap. Rat-a-tat-tat! a little louder than before. "Ugh!" roared Uncle Arthur, in a very ferocious way.

"Uncle Arthur, it's my birth-day!" said a sweet, child voice.

"Ho! then I suppose I must let you in," he growled.

“Shall I come in?”

“Yes, in with you.”

“Shall I come in, Uncle Arthur?” She had not understood him.

“Yes, *yes*, YES, I say.” So little Trip opened the door softly and stood by his bed-side. Uncle Arthur was a confirmed old bachelor, and scolded and petted the children from morning till night. They never knew exactly how to take him, or whether they loved or feared him most, and were generally in an ecstasy of delight and terror when with him. They liked to tease him, but also they took extraordinary care not to go too far, and to keep out of reach when he was in an ill-humor. As this was Trip’s birth-day she considered herself entitled to particular consideration, and so she had ventured into the lion’s den.

“It’s my birth-day,” she added, after a moment’s pause.

“So I understood you to remark before you invaded my camp,” he replied gravely. “I wish you many happy returns of the day.” He

put his arm around her and drew her head down to his.

"I've got a fever-sore on my lip," said Trip.

"I suppose I can kiss your cheeks, can't I?" She rubbed them both till they were red as roses, and then received his kisses very demurely.

"How old are you, young one?"

"Seven years."

"And what are you going to do to celebrate it?"

"I d' know."

"I'll tell you. Just go to that bureau and take down my riding-whip." Trip was half way to the bureau, but when she heard the "whip," she stood still with a flushed face.

"That's the way they used to celebrate my birth-day," said Uncle Arthur, without smiling.

"No," said Trip, stoutly, "I won't bring you the whip."

"Then I must give you seven jolts. Jump

up here." So he crooked his legs, and Trip climbed up on the outside of the bed, and seated herself very gingerly on his knees, and he chanted

"One-ry, twoery, ickery, see,
Halibut, crackibut, pendal-ee ;
Pin, pon, musket John,
Twiddle-com, twaddle-com, twenty-one ! "

And every time he came to the twenty-one, down came Trip. By the time the seventh jolt was finished you may be sure she was pretty well out of breath. Then she sat down "Turk-fashion" beside him, and twined her dimpled fingers through his hair and whiskers, and said in a confidential way, "Uncle Arthur, I guess Jack is going to make me a birth-day present."

"What makes you guess so?"

"'Cause Jack said—he said—'cause I heard Jack say, I was born at ten o'clock, and my birth-day wouldn't be until ten o'clock—I wouldn't be seven years old till ten o'clock,

and I guess when it's ten o'clock he'll go over to Aunt Buck's and buy a cent's worth of candy, for me a birth-day present. Don't you think he will?" for Uncle Arthur's laugh made her think him skeptical.

"Well, he may, and then again he may not; but if you will have the goodness to take yourself down stairs now, I will take you to walk after breakfast, and buy you some candy."

Trip gave a happy little laugh, and a flying leap over Uncle Arthur, and down to the floor.

"Good bye, Uncle Arthur."

"Good bye, little one. I hope you will live to see your children's children, and peace upon Israel. D'ye hear?"

"Yes, sir;" but the smile died out, and she turned an eager face up to him, and said in a hushed voice, "I hope I shall not live long, Uncle Arthur. I don't want to have a long life."

"Why not?" said he, staring at her.

"Because there is going to be war. The Catholics are going to fight against the Protestants."

“What the mischief”—but he checked himself. “Who said so?”

“A little girl in the Sabbath school said so. She told me. Her father told her ’twas going to be. Don’t you think they will?”

“No, indeed, bless your little heart. No. Why the Catholics are going to turn Protestants themselves. There, run along now, and don’t trouble your brain about it. Be off!” and she ran laughing away.

Breakfast came, and Trip was radiant with buttered toast and a red-checked apple, and a bunch of raisins and an orange. “Because it’s my birthday, you know,” she explained, as she saw Uncle Arthur glowering at her unwonted luxuries. Breakfast went, and father and mother betook themselves to their work, and Jack to his jack-knife, and Gerty to her sewing, and Uncle Arthur to his newspaper, and Trip was left to her own meditations, which consisted in wondering when Uncle Arthur would be ready to accomplish the wonderful feat of buying a cent’s worth of candy. She

knew, however, that it would be of no use to speak to him about it, so she amused herself by pinching the ashes with the tongs into various shapes.

“Trip!” The tone was so sudden that she dropped the tongs, which knocked the shovel, which gave the poker a nudge, and they all “brought up” against the coal-hod.

Now if there was one thing which made Uncle Arthur furious sooner than another, it was a “racket,” and Trip stood up and gazed into his face in silent dismay. But instead of scolding, he only laughed, and held out his watch at her.

“Young person, do you see that long hand?”

“Yes, sir.”

“And that short hand?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Well, Miss, seven years ago this minute, you must needs come breaking in on my solitude, with your joys and noise, and you have been keeping up a ‘to-do’ of one kind or another, ever since.” And then he gazed long

and silently upon the upturned, bright, wondering face, till the "water stood in his eyes," and he caught the little figure to his heart, and covered the little face with kisses, murmuring softly, "Long may you keep it up, my darling." As for Trip she rubbed her face and thought Uncle Arthur's beard was very rough.

They went to Aunt Buck's and bought the cent's worth of molasses candy, and besides this, three oranges and some rock candy. Trip took one orange, and a piece of the candy, and Uncle Arthur put the rest in his pocket. On their way home they stopped to watch some workmen who were carrying heavy blocks of stone by means of ropes and pulleys, to the top of a house which they were building. Many shingles and bits of boards and shavings were lying around, and several little girls were collecting them in baskets. Trip's attention was divided between the stone and the children. The latter were very coarsely and scantily dressed. Trip rather shrank when they came near her, and pressed closer to Uncle Arthur if their soiled

frocks did but touch her dainty robes. Presently two of them, having filled their baskets, started for home. But they could not manage the basket. It was heaped up so that when they lifted it the wood fell out. They puzzled their little heads over it awhile, and presently one of the boards fell on Uncle Arthur's toes.

"Whew! there! what's the trouble?" he cried.

"I didn't mean to, sir, it fell out," said one of the little girls, with a timid glance into his face. "It's too full."

"Why don't you take some of it out, then?"

"O, sir, we can't bear to leave it when we can have it if we will carry it. It isn't heavy, but we can't make it fudge."

"A little top-heavy," said Uncle Arthur, laughing. "Center of gravity is not in the right place. Don't you see?"

"Sir?" He answered her bewildered look by arranging the wood differently. "There, try it now, little one." They lifted the basket, and a bright, happy smile lit up their

young faces. "Thank you, sir," said the eldest, turning round after they had started.

"Look here, suppose you try a little more weight, seeing you manage that so well," and he fumbled in his pockets and brought out the candy, and two bright five cent pieces, and deposited them on the wood. "There, we are having a birth-day, Trip and I, and you may help us celebrate it?"

"Uncle Arthur," said Trip, when they had walked on a while in silence.

"Well, Princess."

"I don't see why you gave that to them."

"What to whom?" for he had quite forgotten the circumstance.

"That candy to the beggar girls."

"Why not to them?"

"I think you would a great deal better have given it to me."

"The avaricious little monkey!"

"I do," said Trip, laughing. "They were only beggar girls."

"The outrageous little aristocrat!"

“And they had no shoes and stockings, nor anything.”

“But had not they tongues and teeth, and don’t they like candy as well as you? And do they eat it with their shoes and stockings?”

“Yes, but I’m your own ni—ni—nephew, and—and it’s my birth-day.”

“O, ho! my young nephew, I wonder who is the beggar now. Here you are begging for candy in the hardest way, and they did not ask for anything.”

“I’m not begging, Uncle Arthur; but I say—that I think—that I wish—you ought to give me the candy, when it’s my birth-day.”

“But now look up at me, minx. Just think. There are those poor girls, who have no candy from years’ end to years’ end, nor any money to buy it with. They have to work hard, and here you have everything that you want, and a heap that you do not want, and buttered toast on birth-days, and turkey and plum pudding at Christmas, and Uncle Arthur to fatten on at intervals the year round. Why, just think of

your blessings—and you ought to be thankful to give your own candy to them, much more mine, you young heathen.”

“I’ll give ’em mine if you will give me some more.”

“You will, will you?”

“Yes. I’ll give ’em what is left, if you will give me as much as I had in the first place.”

“Extraordinary generosity!”

When they got home, he went into the library, where Trip soon followed him. Lillo, the house-dog, was stretched on the rug before the fire. Trip curled herself up in the arm-chair and began to munch her candy. Lillo wagged his tail and watched her with hungry eyes. So she began to hold out the candy to him, and when he snapped at it she would draw it back. “You can’t have it, Lillo, old dog. It’s my candy. O, it’s mighty good.” Cranch, cranch. “Don’t you wish you could?” Smack, smack. “There it is, why don’t you take a bite? Can’t reach it, can you? But dogs must

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not eat candy. It is not good for them. They would not like it, either. Candy is for girls. See, now, what a great mouthful I am going to take. Now, want some?" But Lillo was too quick for her, and with one snatch the candy was in his mouth.

"O, you ugly dog! O Uncle Arthur! O, Lill!" There was such distress in her tones that Uncle Arthur turned round. "O, Uncle Arthur, see what that horrid Lill has done. He's got my candy. Pound him!"

"How came he by it?"

"Why, you see I just—I was eating it—and I held it out so—just making believe, you know—and—I—I—I"—

"Got into deep water, didn't you?"

"O, I've lost my candy!" This palpable fact seemed to make the deepest impression.

"Now," said Uncle Arthur, standing her up in the chair, and holding himself at arm's-length, with both hands on her shoulders, and both eyes on her face, "stop your lamentations and fix your attention on me for a small frac-

tion of the remainder of your life. Your moral training has been neglected, and here's a chance to tighten a screw. Do you understand me?"

"No, sir," said Trip, gravely.

"All right. Now listen. Suppose I should tell you that you were a dog?"

"Am I like a dog?"

"There are points of resemblance, and points of non-resemblance. Lillo thought you meant to give him the candy and he took it. How do you feel about it?"

"Bad, awfully."

"But I know somebody who would have been glad to snatch some candy away from a little girl, this morning, and from a poor little girl who does not have much candy. Do you know who it was?"

"Yes, I know. Her name was T-r-i-p."

"And don't you suppose that little girl was as glad of her candy as Trip is of hers?"

"I guess so."

"And would it not be a great deal more

unkind for Trip to snatch away candy not intended for herself than for Lill to snatch away that he thought was handed to him?"

"I s'pose so."

"And if Lill ought to be pounded for his sins don't you think Trip ought to be pounded for hers?"

"Well." There was a merry twinkle in Trip's eyes, for she knew Uncle Arthur would not pound her, and she apprehended a frolic.

"Well, now, which will you choose; do so again and be pounded, or promise never to do so again, and have a ride pick-a-back round the room?"

"Promise!" said Trip, with a jump, wriggling herself up on his bent back, and so he galloped her round the room.



APPEARANCES.

“I should think that was a contradiction, if I did not know,” said Jack, one morning, laying his Bible on the table.

Gerty was busy with “Arabian Nights,” and she did not look up or make any reply. So Jack gave one of her long braids a tender, brotherly pull. “Why don’t you attend to my remark?”

“What remark?”

“I observed to you that I did not understand it.”

“How can I explain it to you if you do not tell me what it is you don’t understand?”

“You explain it!” and Jack elevated his eyebrows and shrugged his shoulders in all the consciousness of masculine superiority. “Go ahead, then, with your explanation;” and he lay back on the sofa with his arms under his head. “It says here, or rather there,”—nodding towards the Bible—“Avoid even the appearance of evil!” Well; but somewhere else it says that it is man that looks at appearances, but the Lord looks straight into the heart. Now then, I should say that if the heart was all fair and square, appearances were of no account. If you did not appear quite so well, it would not matter much, if you really were good and safe and sound.”

“Well, yes, but then”—Gerty hesitated thoughtfully. “I don’t know, I’m sure,” and back she went to her book.

“Now look here,” and Jack gave her book a little fillip. “Come out of the cave of the

Forty Thieves when I talk to you, and don't just stare out with your eyes when I speak, and then go straight back again."

"What is it you want?" cried Gerty, suffering herself to be drawn away from the fascinations of genii and robber and roc's eggs.

"What I want is, for you to tell me what you want to avoid the appearance of evil for, when appearances make no difference?"

"Why,—I suppose—it means—that you ought to avoid the appearance of evil because—because man does look at the outward appearance."

"That is bright. There is nothing like girls for sense."

"Why, I am sure," cried Gerty, rousing, "it is very good sense. You wish to have people think well of you, and they have to think just what they see. They don't know what you are inside, so you must keep your face and hands clean, and your clothes nice, and you must act good, or just as if you were good"—

“Gerty, yes; but who cares what people think of you, if you know you are all right yourself?”

“You ought to care, I am sure. You ought to want father and mother, and Martial’s father and mother, to think well of you. And you did care, the other day, when you got a cut on the ear, because Mr. Gripe thought you were whispering.”

Gerty had the best of the argument there. Their teacher was a young man whom they did not very much like, and who, it must be confessed, was not always wise; and indeed, who is always wise, until he has passed his junior year in college? The boys liked to play tricks on the teacher; so a group of them got their heads down over one book, studying hard, in hopes he would think they were at some mischief, and come up to ferret it out, and be disappointed. On the contrary, he snapped a little rattan about their ears first, and ferreted it out afterwards, and so they got the worst of the bargain, as they richly deserved.

Jack's ears tingled at the remembrance, and he found it convenient, just then, to leave Gerty to her fairy princes and saunter off on some private errand.

A few days afterwards, they were all going home from school in a troop, as usual, and it being a warm day, when they reached the brook the boys rolled their trowsers above their knees, and waded in. The girls sat or stood on the banks and chatted. The brook tumbled under the bridge, and bubbled away as cosily as ever, in spite of the dozens of feet that tried to hinder it. Suddenly the boys gave a simultaneous leap in the water. Down came a shower of spray on the unsuspecting girls. Of course, the boys got a great deal more, but they did not mind that, so they could play a joke on the girls.

"There!" cried Olive, the largest girl in school, with an arm that even the boys did not despise, "I know that trick was some of Jack Meadows' getting up, and I'll pay him for it. You stay here, Lu,"—this to a younger sister

of whom she took motherly care—"and I vum, I'll give it to that Jack!"

She was on her feet in a minute. Whipping up from the ground a bushy stick from a heap of brushwood near by, she gave chase. The boys scampered. Jack might be the special victim selected, but they knew Olive would not be particular as to who was hit. Over the wall and into the meadow leaped the rogues; for they had sense enough to know that, in a beaten road it would go hard but Olive would come up with some of them; while in the meadow, her skirts would trammel her and they would have the advantage. Was it not brave in a flock of boys? Even as it was, Olive leaped from hassock to hassock, and gave more than one boy a taste of her brush weapon. But in her haste she was not always careful of her footing, and came down more than once, splash! into the grassy, miry hollows. At length she was forced to content herself with a half victory, and came back rather draggled, but defiant, still. And the boys, too, lounged back, laughing

and breathless. "I made you run well," cried Olive, brandishing her rod and keeping them at a respectful distance, as she sat on the edge of the low bridge with her feet hanging over the water.

Jack sauntered up behind little Lu, and called out, "See here, Olive, you have had a nice bath, let's give Lu one, too. One, two, three, and away Lulu!" and he swung the little girl out over the water just as if he were going to throw her in.

"Ain't afraid," said Lu, bashfully.

"Afraid! no, indeed!" said Jack, softly. "I wouldn't drop you in for an eagle's nest. Only just swing you a little, for fun."

Lu rather liked it, and Olive did not care, though to keep up hostilities, and not seem to be broken in spirit from recent disasters, she called out, "You'll put her down, Jack Meadows, if you know when you are well off." But Jack only gave another swing, taking care, however, to keep firm hold.

Now there was one little simpleton of a boy

there, Ned Somers, who thought all these doings were in earnest; that Olive was angry, and Lu in danger of being drowned, and Jack a dreadful tyrant; and like the little simpleton and hero that he was, he felt called upon to take up arms in favor of Olive who was quite able to defend herself. Wherefore, not feeling himself equal to attacking Jack, and not knowing what else to do, he quietly went up behind little Trip, who was amusing herself with watching an ant-hill, and calmly pushed her off into the brook! This put things on a new basis. No one was more surprised than Ned himself. He did not mean to get her into the water. He wanted to do to her what Jack did to Lu, and was very much amazed to find Trip struggling and sputtering in the brook. It was not more than a foot deep and not dangerous, but still, not agreeable. Trip was, of course, completely drenched, and quite frightened and subdued. Jack got her out in a minute, and rushed breathless at the young offender, who in consternation at the unexpected turn of affairs,

was marching straightway and rapidly towards home.

“What did you do that for, you young scamp? Did you do it a-purpose? Yes, you did!” Jack was too angry to conduct his cross-examination decorously.

“I—well—I—so did you!” gasped the terrified youngster.

“I what? Out with it, quick, or I will pitch you in! I will, anyway!”

“O, don’t! Lu! I thought you—I meant to take Trip just so. I thought you meant to chuck her in—I did not mean to chuck her in.”

“Now did ever anybody see such a block-head?” cried the ungrateful Olive, forgetting that poor Ned had enlisted in her behalf. “That he should go and think anybody could be so mean! And I suppose the ninny thought we were all mad and furious. Why, it was fun, you gosling; and here is poor Trip looking like a drowned mouse. I’ll wring her out.” And she took hold of Trip’s pink calico with a will, not minding her own sad

plight; though, for that matter, she was in such plights so often that they had not much sadness for her.

“You deserve to be bastinadoed!” cried Jack, still holding fast the collar of the unfortunate culprit, and giving him dubious little shakes, from time to time, while meditating proper punishment.

“Let’s duck him,” said another, “and see how he likes it.”

“Ducking is too good for him,” cried a third, “the mean little eel! Afraid to face the enemy, and so he goes and shoves a fellow’s sister. If fellows want to fight, they ought to fight fellows.” A fine sentiment neatly expressed.

“O, now, let Ned go!” called Olive, good-naturedly. “He’s no more account than a hop-toad, and thinks he can throw a pumpkin over the meeting-house with his little finger. I should be ashamed to pester him, and Trip doesn’t care, do you, Trippins?”

“No,” said Trip, who loved to agree with

every body, "but it feels sticky." Thus much must be conceded to conscience. And Jack himself began to be ashamed of bagging such small game, so he relaxed his hold of the tiny collar, and gave the boy a little push that helped him materially along the first few feet of his homeward way, and snatching Trip up on his back, started on the double-quick for his own home. As for poor Ned, it is quite sorrowful to think what a state of doubt and desolation his mind must have been in.

Trip was not in the least hurt, but when Jack took up his Bible to read his evening chapter, he cried suddenly, "Gerty, if you had eyes, you could see it as plain as day!"

"See what? a ghost?"

"Why, yes, don't you see? I appeared as if I was going to throw Lu into the brook—you know—and so Ned acted accordingly, and Trip got a ducking. Now if I had not given the appearance of evil"—

"It would have been better for me," sung Trip quite appropriately.

“The speaker does not allow interruptions from young people! But don’t you see that though it was all in fun, and did not turn out very badly any way, yet it shows that, after all, appearances are of some importance; because, though you may be doing right, yet if you appear to be doing wrong, somebody who is a born simpleton, like Ned Somers”—

“Ned Somers give me a quarter of a gibraltar, yesterday,” said Trip, in an undertone.

“He’s a simpleton, for all that,” pronounced Jack; “and he thinks you are meaning mischief in dead earnest, and goes and does dead earnest mischief.”

“Yes,” assented Gerty, “but I don’t think Ned did anything very wrong. If you had pushed Lu off, he ought to push Trip off to pay for it.”

“And drowned me!” screamed Trip, who had no notion of carrying abstract justice to such disagreeable conclusions.

“It might be rough on you, Trip,” said Jack, assuringly, “but you ought not to mind

being drowned now and then for the sake of argument. But the point under consideration is, do you understand now the meaning of the text, Gerty?"

"It was not I that misunderstood it," said Gerty, with great simplicity, "It was you!"

"U—m!" grunted Jack, highly disgusted with her penetration.

And if the real Bible has no such text in it, still it remains that if there were such a text, this is what Jack and Gerty would think about it.



STORM FUN.

“It rains, and it rains, and it keeps raining. I don’t suppose it will ever stop,” said Gerty, with a sigh. She had been flattening her nose against the window pane for several minutes and listening to the big drops as they pattered on the tin roof of the piazza. She watched them chasing each other down the window panes, making the paths full of little rivers, and washing the rose bushes and the gravel walks clean; and she rather enjoyed the sight

for awhile, only she did want to go out and play. Hence her sigh.

Trip was sewing patch-work. The squares were a little out of line, and the sewing a little bunchy, and the seams not quite zig-zag; but Trip took cheerful views of life, and above all things, demanded accuracy of statement. So she could by no means allow Gerty's remark to go unrebuked.

"O! Gerty, you don't s'pose so, really, now; you know it will stop raining sometime."

"No, I don't know so. It rained Sunday and it rained yesterday, and it rains to-day, and I don't suppose it will ever stop."

"But what does the Bible say?" persisted Trip.

"The Bible! I should think! It does not say anything about the rain,—this rain."

"Why, Gerty Meadows! You, a great girl nine years old, and don't know the Bible any better than that, and I am only six."

"Trip, that is a story, for I am not nine years old."

“Yes, you are; I heard mother say so this morning.”

“No, Trip.”

“Yes, Gerty, when she wanted you to wipe the dishes, she said you were old enough to learn, because you were nine years old.”

“No, Trip, she did not. She said I was in my ninth year.”

“What is the difference?”

“O! there is a great difference. You are only eight years old all along, while you are in the ninth year. You keep being eight till you are finished, and then you are nine. But you are in your tenth year, somehow,—Jack said so.”

Trip was great in morals but not in mathematics, and after a moment's severe thought on the intricate problem, she wisely gave it up, and returned to her own hunting grounds.

“But, Gerty, don't you know what the Bible does say about the rain?”

“I know that Elijah did not want it to rain,

and he prayed not to have it, and it didn't; and then he wanted it to rain, and prayed for it, and so God let it rain; but that does not say anything about the rain."

"No," said Trip, "I don't mean that; but I can think of something else,—can't you?"

"And it rained when the wind blew so hard. It knocked a house down on the beach, and another one it could not, because it was stronger."

"I don't know about that," said Trip, slowly, "but guess again."

"And about the flood?"

"Yes! that is it; you know the flood, and the dove, and the ark, and the rainbow. Don't you remember?"

"Well, I don't see how that will make it stop raining to night."

"O no, not to night, but you said never; and you know it will stop sometime, if it never is going to rain again forever."

"Well," said Gerty, "I only said 'sup-

pose,' and 'suppose' never means really. You can suppose things, and not tell a lie all the time."

"Yes," said Trip. "Let's go up garret."

The garret was a famous play-ground for rainy days. It was very different from the dark, dismal, cooped-up, cobwebby places, which people in the city call a garret. There, room is very scarce, and every part of a house has to be finished, and furnished, and occupied; but, in the country, the blue sky stretches out very far above your head, and the green grass beneath your feet. Plenty of room there to build great, broad houses, and greater and broader barns, corn-barns, cider-barns, pig-pens, dog-kennels, hen-houses, martin-houses, and wood-houses, and still room enough left for the yellow goslings, pretty little creatures, to nibble at the grass, and toddle, and stagger, and roll over and over; for the wee white chickens to scratch up the worms and ants and spiders as their fond old hen-mother gravely teaches them; still room enough left for the

little boys and girls to trundle their hoops, and toss their balls, and fly their kites, and jump their ropes, and play "blind man's buff," on the beautiful summer mornings. So it was not surprising that Gerty and Trip liked to play in their garret. There were windows in each end, which made the garret as light as any other room in the house. In the middle was the great square chimney, with nails driven all around on its four brick sides, on which hung various coats and cloaks, and dresses and waistcoats and trowsers, which were either out-grown or out-worn; calico bags full of squash-seeds and hay-seeds, cherry-stones and peach-stones, and white bags with dried apples and cranberries, bundles of dried catnip, thoroughwort and pennyroyal. All along the eaves and from the beams hung the full rich ears of corn, fastened together by having the husks stripped off down to the end, and then braided one with the other, so as to make golden fringes here, there, and everywhere, across the roof, wreathing the posts, festooning the chimney, and in

the slant rays of the sunset lighting up the old brown garret with a double sunshine.

In one corner, also, the floor was covered with the great bubbling corn, which proved very tempting to all careless rats and mice who had never been taught the eighth commandment. There was one corner where the cobs were thrown after the corn had all been shelled off, and here Gerty and Trip spent many happy hours in building cob-houses.

There were also several barrels filled with oats and rye, and one in which they were particularly interested, containing old books which their father and mother had used when they went to school. Trip often puzzled her brain over the long s's, which looked so much like f's, and Gerty declared she should never have learned grammar if she had had to study it in a book where it was all reading without any questions. Under one of the windows was an old chest full of bonnets, with the strangest looking high crowns and big fronts; silk dresses with the waists not much longer than the

baby's, and other articles of clothing which their grandmother used to wear, and in which the girls delighted to array themselves.

But I cannot stop to tell you all the odd things which this famous garret contained; but I can tell you this, that the longest day in summer would not be long enough for you to examine everything there. Indeed, Gerty and Trip thought there was no place in the world like it.

Once Gerty and Trip had a little school by themselves up in the garret. They chalked off a square place on the garret floor, which they called their school-house. Jack made them a bench to sit on, and a box to hold their books, and they were very happy indeed. Once in a while, when they were sitting there quite still,—for they did not whisper, no, indeed! they were good girls, and meant to have their school very orderly, and they knew that whispering in school always makes a great deal of trouble,—so, as I said, while they were sitting quite still, a little mouse would, perhaps, creep

softly out from the corn, and dart his bright eyes around. I suppose he wondered what those two great things were, sitting there so still. Presently he would steal on a little farther, then stop, prick up his ears and listen, then a little farther still, till the turning of a leaf, or the rattling of a slate pencil, would alarm the cowardly little fellow, and away he would scamper.

As Gerty and Trip were playing together in their garret they found a very curious bag, made of beads. On one side of it was the picture of a house, and a brook with a bridge over it, and on the bridge a little girl, carrying on her head a basket of flowers. On the other side was an old man, walking by aid of a cane, and led by a little dog attached to one end of a string which he held in his hand. The whole was made of beads.

The only trouble about it was, that the landscapes were very shaky with age. Some of the beads were missing, and you could hardly look at it without rattling off a few more. One of

the poor old man's legs was quite gone, and several windows had fallen out.

"We don't care for a bag," said Gerty, presently. "We could not both carry it."

"And we have pockets, too," chimed Trip.

"So let's take all the beads off, and make rings and chains."

"And wear 'em," said Trip, with sparkling eyes.

"And give them away, you know, too, for Christmas presents, you know."

No sooner said than done. The poor old man suddenly disappeared from history. The house was quickly demolished, and Gerty and Trip were deeply involved with needle and silk and beads, wondering whether two green and two white would be prettier than one, or whether pink would "do at all" with blue, when a sudden shout close behind them made them both jump, and turning, they saw Francena.

"O, goody-good! You are going to stay all the afternoon, won't you?" said Trip.

“No,” replied Francena. “My mother said I must not stay to tea, but I am going to stay twenty minutes, and a hundred minutes besides.”

“Twenty minutes and a hundred minutes,” repeated Trip, slowly. “I should think that would be all night.”

“All night! why no,” cried Gerty. “But,” she added, clapping her hands, “it is two hours, and that is ever so long.”

They made room for her on the floor beside themselves, and bade her guess what they were doing. She guessed everything that she could think of,—making dolls, dressing dolls, drawing, painting, weaving baskets, but she did not guess the right thing, and finally they were obliged to tell her. They showed her the chain which they had commenced, and she admired it as much as they did. She helped them to decide many difficult questions regarding the best arrangements of colors, and for half an hour their fingers and tongues were as busy as could

be. Then all at once Francena rose, and said she must go home.

“No, indeed!” cried Trip. “Why, it is not half of two hours yet.”

“Yes, I must go,” answered Francena, walking away very fast, “I cannot stay any longer.”

“Are you sick?” said Gerty, running after her. “I am afraid you are sick.”

“No, I am not sick,” replied Francena, “but I must go home. I want to see my mother.”

“Now I think it is too bad,” said Trip, sadly. “You can see your mother any time. Don’t go yet. Do stay till we have finished that chain, so that you can see how pretty it looks.”

“I know it will look pretty, without seeing it,” said Francena. She had got her bonnet on, and as she opened the garret door she said, hurriedly, “I will come and see you another time,” and then ran off as fast as she could.

Gerty and Trip stood at the window looking

after her till she was out of sight, and then went back to their work.

“I don’t see why Francena did not stay,” said Gerty, “I am sure she meant to stay when she came.”

Trip made no reply, and presently Gerty continued,—

“You don’t suppose she was vexed about any thing, do you? We did not do or say anything to make her angry. Besides, she said she would come again.”

“Yes,” answered Trip, as if she did not know what she was saying. She looked very thoughtful. She was not working any. The chain was hanging down with one end on the ground. Her needle-book and scissors had fallen. She took up the beads in her hand and let them run through her fingers into the box, until Gerty called to her that she was dropping all her beads on the floor. Then she said, solemnly,—

“Gerty, I do know what Francena went home for so quick.”

“Why don’t you say so, then?” said Gerty, staring at her grave face in surprise. “What was it?”

“She stoled the beads!” said Trip, with an ominous shake of the head.

“Trip!” said Gerty, with great severity. “Aren’t you ashamed of yourself? and she company! How would you like to be called a thief? What do you mean?”

It was a little late to ask the question, but better late than never.

“Yes, Gerty, she did stealed them. When she was talking I saw the beads in her mouth, just as she was going away, when she was at the door; and when I went back I looked in every box, and there was only one ring, and I had two.”

“Why, what a wicked girl!” said Gerty, diverting her indignation from Trip to Francena. “I should think she would be afraid to steal and go into the State Prison and be hung.”

“Oh!” groaned Trip, overwhelmed by the prospect.

Just then their mother came into the garret to consult her piece-bag, and see what her midgets were doing. They recounted to her Francena’s sad fall from grace.

“I wish I had given her a ring when she first came,” moaned wise little Trip, “and then she would not have wanted to taken it. I would just as soon given it to her as not.” Her sorrow quite bewildered her as to her verbs.

“Hoh!” said Gerty, equally ready to lock the stable door, now that the horse was gone, “I would rather have given her half the beads than not. We have plenty.”

“How many did you give her?” asked their mother.

Trip looked at Gerty dubiously.

“Not any at all,” said Gerty. “I did not think of it. I never thought of it, we were so busy at work on our chains. But should you think she would be so bad?”

“It was bad enough, certainly,” said mamma. “But what concerns me most is, that I should have brought up two little girls to be so impolite, and so ungenerous, as to sit and make toys of a box of beads, and never once think to share their pleasure with a guest, and she a poor little girl, who has very few toys at home.”

“I wish I had, Mother,” said Gerty.

“O, I wish I had,—*sore!*” exclaimed Trip, with energy.

“But I don’t think she ought to steal,” continued Gerty.

“Of course not, dear child. I am not defending her stealing. But you could so easily have helped her to be honest by doing a kind act yourselves; instead of which, you, by your own thoughtlessness, tempted her.”

“I tell you what, Mother,” said Gerty; “soon as it stops raining I will carry some beads over to her, and then I will say, ‘Francena, I will give you all the beads you have

got!’ and that will mean the ring and all. So she can’t steal it, any way, because you can’t steal what folks give you, can you, Mother?”

“And it looks to me, Mother,” said Trip, peering out of the window at a particularly grey and lowering portion of the heavens, “it looks to me ’zackly as if I saw a piece of blue sky as big as a pair of breeches, and ’s if ’twas going to clear; and we better start pretty soon.”

Of course, such quick repentance and restoration could but be cheering to a mother’s heart: and though the blue sky failed to appear without, there was speedily sunshine within the garret. They found some little boxes, and deposited Francena’s beads therein, and then, being tired of sitting still so long, they began some more active play.

You will hardly believe me when I tell you that, much as Trip liked to play in the garret with her sister, she was afraid to be there alone.

“Very strange,” you say, “for there was nothing to be afraid of.” Of course not. The great patches of sun-light lay on the floor in

pleasant weather, and the calm, happy, yellow corn gave back the light, even on stormy days, far more cheerfully than the carpet in the parlor. The flies buzzed merrily in the window, the summer breeze floated in fragrantly, and as for the mice, dear little souls, why they had a thousand times more reason to be afraid of her than she had of them. Nevertheless, Trip could not be reasoned out of it, and though Jack often tried to induce her, by promise of molasses candy and popped corn, she would never venture into the garret alone. Now, this afternoon, it came into Gerty's head that she would tease her sister a little, "just for fun." Trip was playing that she was a pig. Funny kind of a play, was it not? But children, you know, will get strange ideas sometimes. Little pigs, however, very little ones, do not look at all like the ugly, shapeless, dirty creatures which you sometimes see going along the streets in droves. They are perfectly clean, of a pink color, and almost as pretty as lambs, which you know everybody likes.

At any rate there is no use in glossing the matter over. Gerty and Trip were playing pig, and Trip was the pig. Being a pig, the pig was put into a pen, or rather a nest made of old clothes, on one side of the chimney, and Gerty was a little boy to take care of it. *It* was the pig, and the pig was Trip.

"Now, Trip," said she, "you must be very hungry, and squeal while I am getting something for you to eat."

So Trip began, and Gerty went to the other side of the chimney and pretended to be getting the pig's supper.

"Louder, squeal louder!" she cried. And Trip squealed and squealed till her throat ached, and her eyes were full of tears, and her face very red.

"O, dear! do come pretty quick," she cried, "for I cannot squeal much longer." But Gerty did not come.

Presently she stopped again, and said,—

"Gerty, come now." But Gerty was perfectly still.

“Gerty,” she called again. No answer.

Then she jumped up and ran round the chimney to see what Gerty was about. There was no Gerty there. The thought flashed across her mind that her sister had gone down stairs and left her alone. For a moment she stood perfectly still with terror, only her heart went pit-a-pat so hard that it almost hurt her. Then, with a leap and a jump, and almost a tumble, down the stairs she rushed, and there was Gerty standing at the hall-door, laughing heartily.

As soon as Trip saw her sister she began to cry outright, half from anger and half from shame, declaring that she would never go into the garret to play pig again, or to play school either. This made Gerty look serious in her turn.

“Why it didn’t hurt you a bit, being alone, Trip. I was only in fun. Pigs are often alone. Don’t you know Keturah never has but one pig? Suppose he should come down stairs and cry every time Keturah went away.”

“I never will be a pig any more,” sobbed

Trip, "no, never. And I won't go up garret again."

"Play boy, then," said Gerty, brightly. "I will be a bad boy, and you be a dog trying to catch him when he is stealing apples."

This was too much for Trip's resolutions.

"Won't you never come down stairs till I do, Gerty?"

"No, I will not."

"Honest?"

"I will not, honest."

And soon they were in full flight and pursuit, forgetful of all sobs and sufferings.

The roof of the garret was supported by several square posts or pillars, against a few of which were placed meal-bags full of shelled corn. Do you know what a meal-bag is? It is made of very coarse grey cloth, something like that of which crash towels are made, only it is thicker and coarser. It is about as large as—as—why, I could put you in it. These bags are filled with kernels of corn, all ready to be carried to the mill to be ground. The

bags, when they are filled and tied, are quite solid, and as they leaned against the posts Trip could climb up and stand on them. Then Gerty would run by as fast as she could, and Trip would jump down and try to catch her. Whenever she succeeded in doing so, Gerty would take her station on the top of the bag and Trip would run. This was fine fun, and their flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes and merry laugh, and even shrieks, when they came near being caught, showed how much they enjoyed it. But as they became excited they grew careless, and presently poor little Trip, in jumping off, caught her foot in the string that tied the bag, and fell forward, her head striking the floor with great force.

Gerty heard the noise, and turning, saw Trip lying quite still, making no effort to rise. She was sadly frightened, and ran up and threw her arms around her, and cried,—

“O, Trip, dear, do get up!” and then she took Trip’s head in her lap and began to kiss her.

Presently Trip opened her eyes, and Gerty lifted her up, and putting one arm around her began to help her down stairs. This was no easy matter, for Trip trembled and could scarcely stand. When she reached the last stair she sat down on it, and said, mournfully,—

“I can’t see.”

“O, little Trip, yes, you can see!” said Gerty, almost crying. “Can’t you see me?”

“No, I can’t see you.”

“But look out doors! Can’t you see Lillo?” and she pointed to the old house-dog, who lay a long way off on the grass.

Trip looked up with a kind of bewildered air, and only said,—

“I don’t know.”

Thoroughly alarmed, Gerty ran for her mother, and Trip’s bruised head was bathed, and as she was only a little stunned she was soon all right again, only she had a pretty big bump on her forehead, black and blue and yellow, and not very becoming,—a Dolly Varden forehead, you might call it.

The next morning, as soon as Gerty was awake, she jumped out of bed and ran to the window to see if it still "kept raining." As she threw open the blind it crashed against the grape-vine, and sent a shower of gold-glittering drops down upon her arms, but she did not mind it, for the sun came dazzling down upon her face all so bright and beautiful. The grass, the leaves, all the petals of the delicate flowers, were still bending under the weight of the heavy rain-drops, but sparkling and fresh in the splendid morning sunshine.

"O, Trip!" cried Gerty, in ecstasy. And Trip forgot her bumped forehead, and both little girls climbed out of the window and pattered out on the piazza with their little bare feet, and cried "Bo-peep!" to Jack, who was just appearing in sight through the orchard gate.

"Hullo, up there!" called he. "Who wants to take a sail with me after breakfast?"

"I!" cried Trip, in whom faith was strong and blind.

“Sail where?” said Gerty, who was a constitutional doubter.

“Fly round and get ready and see,” cried Jack, who exacted implicit feminine trust, though under great difficulties. But nothing further would he affirm. Under strict questioning he only buttoned his jacket pompously, and said, “The sequel would show,” which Trip very sagaciously inferred must be some kind of a boat.

After what seemed to Trip an unnecessarily protracted breakfast, they put on their hats and went up to the north orchard, and found, to their extreme surprise and delight, that it was turned into a pond. The very orchard where they had so often played, and where they had ridden on the farm-wagon and “picked apples,” was quite covered with water, out of which the trees seemed to be growing.

“O,” cried Trip, “the trees ’ll wet their feet! They are up to their knees in water;” but the trees did not mind it, but cast green

shadows on the little lake as placidly as if they had been doing it all their lives.

Just then, out from under the low-leaning branches of the Appleton apple-tree, shot,—let us say “shot” by courtesy, though it is not an accurately descriptive word,—a curious looking boat propelled by Rob Mayland. It was not shaped like the ordinary row-boat, but was long, and flat-bottomed, and square-cornered. It could hardly be considered a marked improvement on regatta-boats, if one may judge by the effort required to row it, for Rob seemed to be tugging, might and main, with his long pole, and the vessel was rather wabbling, even then.

“Ship ahoy!” cried Jack. “Hard a-star-board!” He was not very well “up” in sailor phrases, but as his sisters knew still less, there was no harm done. Rob brought his unwieldy craft shoreward as deftly as possible.

“Why, I do believe it is the old pig’s trough!” cried Gerty, and it did lie open to that suspicion.

“Miss Gerty Meadows,” said Jack, drawing himself up, and visibly swelling under his jacket, “this is the good ship ‘Boston, Captain Meadows; first mate, Mayland; cargo, greenbacks; bound for Bermuda Islands. If you have engaged a state-room you can come aboard. Cabin passengers, one hundred and fifty dollars. Steerage, half price. Tickets, ladies!”

All this seemed very grand and real to Trip, and she laughed all over with excitement and delight. Rob brought his vessel up as near the shore as he could, but not within stepping distance for Trip and Gerty.

“You see, sir,” said Jack, “there is a heavy sea, and we can’t lower the boats, for fear they will be beached; so I will just heave you in, like a barrel of flour.” And off came his shoes and stockings, and up went his trowsers in a great roll above his knees, and whisk! went Trip upon his back, but she begged and struggled and kicked without ceremony, for she was afraid to venture on the briny deep,

after all. So Gerty said she would go first, and if she was not drowned Trip would soon creep in. Jack did not make very good time in launching Gerty, as she was rather heavy for him, and when he tried to lift her over the side of the boat her feet struck against it, pushing it away, and they both were very near tumbling into the water. But Rob came to the rescue, and Gerty was safely bestowed, and then Trip curled her legs up into a ball, and nearly strangled Jack with her clutch, and she, too, was beginning her life on the ocean wave. The boat was not quite clean, nor absolutely water-tight. At any rate, there was considerable moisture in the bottom of it, as their shoes soon began to discover.

Captain Meadows ordered all the passengers to sit still, so as not to upset the boat, and Trip sat on tiptoe, as it were, and breathless, for fear she should do mischief. Presently, however, seeing she was not drowned, and no storm arose, she grew fearless, and was greatly amused watching the long poles splashing about



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in the water, and making little showers and ripples and bubbles and waves; and when Jack gave her an old long-handled dipper, and ordered her to bail, her happiness was complete, though it was not five minutes before the dipper was lost overboard,—and in fact, it continued to be lost overboard at irregular but frequent intervals, not to mention the danger of capsizing the boat in frantic attempts at rescue. It was no easy matter to steer clear of all the trees, and Jack gave orders enough to take a ship well around the world.

“Loosen the fore-top-sail!” “Tack to larboard!” “Hoist the jib-boom!” “Breakers ahead!” but it all meant only to keep clear of the trees. More than once, however, in spite of themselves, they went bump! against the tree trunks; and once with such force as to throw both the girls off their seat and make both the boys lose their balance; but Jack said, “Ho! that was only stopping to take in wood and water.” They visited many foreign countries, shipped gold at San Francisco, coffee and

spices at the West India Islands, paid a running visit to the Queen of Madagascar, discovered the North Pole under circumstances of extreme peril, and never closed their adventurous voyage until they were called to dinner.

Every one of them loudly proclaimed that the Orchard Ocean was the best plaything they ever had in their lives, and they betook themselves to the study of navigation with a zest that would soon have made them accomplished seamen. But alas! the Orchard Ocean settled away into a pond—into a puddle—into a dampness—into a green, dry orchard, and the pig's trough—I beg its pardon—the good ship 'Boston' was left high, dry, and inglorious, under the pumpkin-sweeting-tree.

I must not forget to mention that Gerty and Trip were as good as their word, and took the earliest opportunity to make a call on Francena, who received them with some embarrassment, and blushed deeply when Gerty showed her the box of beads.

“They are all for you,” said Gerty, eagerly.

“We give them to you for your own, Trip and I, so you can make things yourself. We give you all the beads you have for a present.”

“So you won’t ever have to steal any!” put in Trip, who had a knack at making things pleasant all round.



TIN-TYPES.

Cicely came into the breakfast-room with a shy look on her merry little face. Papa was deep in his newspaper and did not observe her. Garnet raised both hands, rolled up both eyes, and stood on tiptoe in astonishment; but a violent gesture from Cicely made him whistle in the "Oh!" that was about to roll forth. Shy? I should think so. First, there was her beautiful hair, driven from her forehead and piled above it in a rough-and-tumble heap. Second,

there was her beautiful hair, carried alow and aloft, and twisted about, and padded on somehow to the back of her head. Then, as seemed necessary, there were sundry bits of nets and ribbons to keep things from flying apart, and she was, in truth, a funny little puss to look on. But Cicely was ever fond of experimenting in hair.

Cicely sat down to the breakfast-table, and tried to act as if nothing had happened. And papa, laying aside his newspaper, caught a glimpse of her, and then took a long look, and cried, "Overslept, Cicely! Have not combed your hair, this morning, dear?" And then Garnet's fun had free course, and Cicely laughed, too, a little, and blushed a good deal.

"Why, papa, I never combed my hair so much in my life."

"Took her all night," cried Garnet. "She began at bed-time, and has just finished."

Papa came up slowly, in great pretended amazement, and touched the wonderful dough-

nut cautiously. "The wheel of our old truckle-cart! and what is all this scare above?"

"Now, daddy, dear, don't," said Cicely, coaxingly, drawing her head carefully away from the great, awkward fingers that threatened harm to her carefully-built edifice. "We are going to have our tin-types taken, Garnet and I, and so I dressed my hair, and you must not pull it down, there's a dear."

"Why, it is all strapped up, child. One could unharness a horse as easily as your head."

"Strap! O papa! that is a fillet."

"Classical, papa," said Garnet. "Did not the old Latin ladies wear such things when you were young?"

"To the best of my knowledge and belief, never. And I am not so sure I want an old Latin lady about the house. Madam Octavia Sulpicia Copernica, shall I trouble you to return to Latium, and bring my little Cicely once more!"

"O, now, dear little papa! do not be stupid

and teasing, when I am going to have my tin-type taken, and must be magnificent. Now, if you will only be good, you shall have your choice of them all."

And papa, having been brought up in a long course of such goodness, let the "scare" and "truckle-cart wheel" alone, and listened to the tale of the tin-types. Just nothing at all, they said: eighteen for a quarter of a dollar, which they were going to pay for out of their own income of ten cents a week. "Everybody has them, papa, and we give them all away. Gerty Meadows had her eighteen Thursday, and only one left Friday night. You see, papa, you have them taken, nine at a sitting, and then little albums to save them up in."

"And you buy an album, too, out of your ten cents a week?"

"O, no," said Garnet, "because an album costs so much we should be poor all the time, —just beggars, to go into such an expense."

"We wait, papa," said Cicely, demurely,

“thinking something may turn up. Perhaps, when we get all our pictures together, somebody will look at them,—somebody who has plenty of money,—and will say, ‘My dears, these are very pretty, and you must have a book apiece to put them in, and here is a dollar to’ ”—

“Say two, while you are about it,” whispered Garnet, very audibly.

“ ‘Here are two dollars apiece, dear children,’ ”—

“No,” growled Garnet, again; “you will upset the basket. A dollar apiece,—two for both.”

“ ‘A dollar apiece, two for both, dear children, to buy each of you a beautiful, tin-type album, with red covers and gilt edges.’ I should not wonder, papa, if that somebody were a handsome man, with dear old brown eyes, and a lovely brown beard, a little gray.”

“And eating buckwheat cakes this very minute,” added Garnet.

“At this very table, Garnet.”

“With a seal-ring on his little finger, Cicely.”

“With his hair a little curly, Garnet.”

“And a little bald on the top of his head, Cicely.”

“Where his dear little daughter, that he loves so much, combs his hair for him when he is tired, and asks nothing in return, Garnet.”

“And keeps pouring on the syrup, and does not hear a word we are saying, Cicely.”

“And will not give us any tin-type albums, and break our hearts, Garnet.”

Just here came the laugh they were planning for, and of course, with it, out came the money they were plotting for; and so breakfast was finished merrily, and papa was allowed to read his newspaper with a pleasant sense of having behaved very properly, and received the approbation of his judicious children.

Away to the photographer's they went, Cicely carrying her head a little stiffly in her new “harness,” but quite bappy in her stateli-

ness. As they turned into the village they saw a crowd gathered on the sidewalk, looking up earnestly at something in the great tree. "A squirrel," suggested Garnet; but Cicely thought likely it was some new kind of a bird. No, it was something fluttering, larger than a squirrel or a bird, "as big as a peacock and his tail," said Garnet.

"Why, it is a veil!" exclaimed Cicely. "It is some one's veil blown off, and flying up and caught on the branch away up. It will never come down again. She has lost her veil."

"Perhaps the same breeze that stole it will repent and bring—why, there is a boy up in the tree now after it!"

So there was surely. High, high up, it seemed to Cicely, his light clothes appeared among the leaves. "Oh! I should think he would be afraid, and he is crawling out farther along the limb."

"Afraid!" said Garnet, rather contemptuously. "Why, there is nothing to be afraid of. I

have climbed trees twice as high as that, and twice as fast, too. I wish I was up there,—I would show them how to do it. This is what I call slow.”

“I am sure I would not take so much trouble for a veil,” murmured Cicely, half to herself.

“Not for a veil; but I would for Miss Kedge.”

“O, is it hers?”

“Yes. I heard a boy say so,”—for Garnet had been working in and out among the crowd. “And it is Dolf Deerer up there, and he would just kill himself for Miss Kedge, any time.”

Dolf had evidently climbed as far out along the branch as he dared to go, and was yet not within reach of the veil. He had a stick in one hand, and while holding on to the branch above him with the other, he tried with his stick to loosen the veil from the twig on which it was caught. But the stick was too short, and he called to those below to pass him another. This was easily done by two or three boys who were in the tree below him; but Miss

Kedge was much more anxious about Dolf than about her veil, and begged him not to trouble himself.

“No trouble at all, ma’am,” called down Dolf, cheerily. “I like the fun. I see a bird’s nest, too.”

“Lud, ma’am,” said a stout fellow who was watching him, “young chaps like him, they don’t mind climbing trees no mor’n you do stepping into your carriage. It’s only a lark, let alone a lady’s veil, and her, you,”—

“Pshaw, yes,” said another, reassuringly. “That boy has climbed more trees, I’ll be bound, after birds’ eggs, than a squirrel. I wish I had as many dollars as he has climbed trees.”

But here, notwithstanding Dolf’s experience, a sad thing happened. Whether undue excitement made him careless, or the spectators made him more adventurous, or whatever it may have been, certain it is that in reaching forward he loosed the veil, and also lost his balance. The veil floated down and floated

out, and then down again, as majestic as you please; but no one saw it, for down came poor Dolf, too, not majestic at all, not floating, but crushing, crashing, through the twigs, bumping against the branches, and there he lay in a heap on the ground, torn, bleeding, senseless. Poor, poor little Dolf Deerer!

Some screamed, one or two almost fainted. As for Garnet, he caught Cicely's hand, and they ran off as fast as they could out of sight and sound, till they found themselves, without knowing how, on Miss Kedge's door-step. There they sat down, all pale and trembling, and looked at each other's white face, and then Cicely began to cry. "To be all killed and dead and bounced up so in a minute," sobbed Cicely.

"O, Cicely! don't cry," said Garnet, with a choking voice, "perhaps he is not dead."

"And he such a good boy, and showed us where the high-bush blackberries were last summer,—don't you remember?"

"And helped you fill your pail after you

spilled them crossing the brook, and had to go and get the cows, too."

"O, I shall never eat any more blackberries as long as I live, for grief and sorrow,—or if I do, I shall always think of poor Dolf tumbling down dead off a tree."

And so they went on, recounting Dolf's virtues, and their own sorrows, and future proceedings, till Miss Kedge appeared and informed them that Dolf was not in the least dead, though a good deal bruised and stunned. "Fortunately he broke his arm," said Miss Kedge.

"Fortunately!" echoed the children in surprise.

"Yes; because if his arm had not received the shock, and so broken the fall, the fall might have broken his neck."

"Just as we thought it did," said Cicely. "O, dear little Dolf! Miss Kedge, do you think we might go and see him, and make him happy a little, all bruised."

"No, dear, the doctor is there,"—at which

Cicely grew pale again,—“and for the present he is to be kept as quiet as possible. After a few days he will be very glad to see you, and I dare say you can cheer him up a good deal.”

“Come, Garnet,” said Cicely, “let us go home. I do not feel like tin-types any more, and poor Dolf Deerer with his arm broken.”

“What I shall do, Cicely : I shall go home and find something to give him as soon as ever he gets well.”

“I wonder how soon do people get well of broken arms.”

“Or I can give him something that does not want arms,—something to read, or something.”

“O, I tell you, Garnet ! now this is just the thing ! Let us go and have our tin-types taken, and buy him an album, and put everybody’s tin-type in it and give it to him. Because he is poor and never will have any !”

“Now, Cicy, that is bright. But if I buy his album, then you will have one, and I shall not.”

“You may put all your pictures in mine.”

“O, but it is not fun to have somebody else’s.

“Well, do see. You give him your album and I will give him my money to buy whatever he likes with. Then we shall be even.”

And if they were happy before in going to the photographer’s, they were ten times happier in turning back now,—so happy that they could hardly keep their faces still long enough to be photographed. Cicely was sure she looked like a fright, and Garnet’s hair had dropped down over his forehead, notwithstanding the great pains he had taken to plaster it up in place. But there they were, thirty-six of them in all, to take or to leave; and then they selected the daintiest little album they could find, and filled it at home with the dainty little pictures which they prized so highly; and each time they unfolded one from its tissue-paper wrapper, they stopped to gaze at it, and talk about it, so that it was a good forenoon’s work to get the little album ready; and when it was ready, they turned it over and over again, till

Garnet declared they should get the good all out of it before ever Dolf got hold of it. "And O," cried Cicely, of a sudden, "I have thought such a nice thing again. My dollar, you know: let us get papa to change it into ten-cent pieces, and lay them between the leaves, so he will keep finding them and finding them."

"Just as you do in a dream, and that will spin it out ever so much longer than to find just one dollar all in a heap. O, yes!"

Of course, papa was glad to accommodate them; and when it was thought proper to make their visit, Chryssa gave them a little basket containing a tiny loaf of cake, and a glass of jelly; and papa added oranges, and Sally contributed maple sugar and the very handsomest of her carnation pinks; and altogether, Garnet thought in his secret heart that Dolf was a rather lucky fellow to have broken his arm.

They were a little silent and afraid as they approached Dolf's house,—fearing the hush and twilight and strangeness of illness. But when they went in, there was no bed and no twilight,

but Dolf lying on the faded old lounge in the bright sunshine, with the cat perched and purring on his feet, as comfortable as could be. To be sure his arm was broken and tied up in a sling, which is not comfortable; and to be sure he was black and blue and stiff and sore, and felt, he said, as if he had been jounced in a bag of stones; but he talked as gayly and laughed as merrily as ever, and when Garnet and Cicely drew up their chairs and sat down by him, and held up the basket, how his eyes sparkled! "Not much of anything," said Cicely, demurely, "only a crumb or two for the cat;" which Miss Puss seemed to understand, for she rose and walked up Dolf's legs as coolly as if he had not been "jounced in a bag of stones," and would have poked her inquisitive nose into the basket if Garnet had not interposed. "There!" said Cicely, having removed the lid, "now you have one well arm, and you must use it. We brought the things, and he must take them out, must he not, Garnet?"

"Pop goes the weasel, then," said Dolf,

smiling with eager eyes, and he fingered off the napkin, coyly. "Frosted cake! O, my! And what is this in the tumbler? O, jelly! O, *jolly!*" and he went through the contents of the basket, his delight increasing with every fresh discovery; and when Garnet brought forth the album and showed him his own name, written in it beautifully in "German text," he fairly shouted, "O mother, only just come here a minute! Isn't it jolly to break your arm?" And if there ever were any better tin-types than those, I never heard of them.



JESSIE.

It was very uncertain what sort of a girl Jessie would turn out to be. It was very certain that she was full of plans and purposes which she never carried out. "But father," reasoned Jessie, when she was gently reminded of her short-comings, "the reason why I don't persevere, is because I have to persevere in things I don't like. You don't give my character a fair chance. Nobody does. Everyone calls me fickle and flighty, but it is because I have disa-

greeable things to do. Just set me at work on something interesting and see if I would not stick to it like—like—anything that sticks to anything so that you can't pull it off."

"Like a fly to a drop of molasses, for instance."

"O, no, that is too homely. Like a bee to a clover blossom, say."

"Well, a bee be it, then; but let me tell you, young woman, that if you suppose that your general want of stickiness is because you have nothing pleasant to stick to, you are grandly mistaken. It is because the 'stick' is not in you, and never will be, if you do not take more pains to put it there."

"You just try me with something entertaining, first."

"What kind of a 'something' would you call entertaining?"

"Not geography, or French, or Partial Payments. They may be very useful, but I am certain they are very stupid; and that is what

you all set me at work upon, and then wonder that I don't persevere."

"And crocheting silk purses, and drawing crayon heads, and bringing up Canary birds, and making moss baskets,—all these, I suppose, come under the head of 'things I don't like!' "

"Dear me, you have such memory," and Jessie puckered her smooth face into twenty wrinkles, and twists, and screws—"to be sure—I—did—I—have sometimes—that is, several times thought I liked to do things that I discovered afterwards that I did not like to do—but then—why—those were all so very commonplace! I like to do out-of-the-way things—things that no one else does."

"But you do not like to keep doing them."

"I should if I once got fairly at them."

"For instance?"

"For instance." And Jessie jumped up from the lounge on which she was lazily lolling, with a suddenness that made the kitten roll from her

lap in dismay. "You know I am naturally picturesque in my tastes." Her father threw himself back in his chair and laughed heartily. "If you would be so good as to tell me what you are laughing at?"

"Never mind. Go on with your picturesqueness."

"Well, the other day, when I was over to see Gerty, we went by Rene's beautiful little cottage, just such as you see in pictures. It is not exactly beautiful, you know, but it has a little bit of a porch over the door, and an old break-down fence round the yard, that looked so romantic, and great trees that made it look so shady and cozy, and pots of mignonnette, and heliotrope, and there was a lovely ivy, and a splendid fuchsia, and the trees looked all so gay and bright, all red and yellow, and—oh! it was a lovely place to do anything in; and I was just saying that I believed I could even 'Partial Pay' there, when lo! I saw Rene sitting in a chair at the door and doing the funniest kind of work you ever saw. And she

was so pretty, and so clean, and looked so pretty among the red sunshine and the leaves, and it was as warm as summer,—you can't think."

"Well?"

"‘Well!’ nothing. That's all. Only I said to myself, if I could do that kind of work in that kind of place, nobody ever again would have a chance to say I was flighty; for where I alighted, there would I stay."

"Jessie, suppose I should take you at your word?"

"How? what do you mean?"

"Why, take you to that ‘beautiful cottage,’ and that ‘lovely Rene,’ and ask her to teach you that ‘funny kind of work.’"

"Papa, I should be delighted!"

"How long?"

"Forever. Just as long as there should be pleasant days, so that I could work out doors. For you know I shouldn't want to work in that little bit of a hut. Till mamma and the children come home, at any rate."

“ ‘Cottage,’ you mean.”

“Cottage to look at, but only a hut when you come to live in it.”

“Ha! ha! Well, put on your hat and let us go this minute. I should like to give you one more chance at retrieving your reputation. Because if you are the victim of misdirected energies, I must find it out.”

A half hour’s walk brought them to the “lovely cottage,” and “There’s Rene herself, in the very self-same place, doing the very work,” cried Jessie, delighted.

Her father introduced himself and his daughter, chatted awhile with Rene till Jessie could restrain herself no longer, but cried out, “Now, if you please, what are you doing?”

The woman smiled and answered, “Only making lace, Jessie.”

“A very pretty kind of work, and my daughter here has fallen in love with it, and wants to learn how to do it.”

“I’m afraid Miss Jessie would find it rather hard to learn.”

“Not a bit of it,” cried Jessie, “if you would only let me come here and learn, and sit in this beautiful garden, and hear the birds sing, and see the maples and the beautiful soft grass, and work here.”

“O yes, I would be very glad to do that.”

“And when shall I come to take my first lesson, and how shall I get the things to work with? This, for instance. Where can I buy one of these?”

“I don’t suppose you can buy one anywhere, Jessie. But do you think, Mr. Douglass,” turning to her father, “it will be worth while for your daughter to learn to do this work. It is so much cheaper to buy lace than it is to make it. There is so much lace made by machines that our handiwork does not amount to much. I learned when I was young, and I only make for a few who fancy this kind,”—

“But you see,” interrupted Jessie, “I am not to learn to make lace alone, but to persevere, or rather, not to persevere, for I know how to do that now, if I only had a fair chance,

but to show that I do know how to persevere, —so hush, papa, do please hush. And now tell me, Mrs. Rene, where shall I get one of these great round balls?”

“This is called the pillow, and it is stuffed with hay or straw, and lined with thick tow cloth, and the outside is made of the legs of old stockings. If you’ll bring me the materials I’ll make one for you.”

“And then you gather it up at the ends so as to make it round?”

“Yes. And then you must buy a piece of parchment to bind around the middle of the pillow.”

“To stick the pins in? But what a sight of pins! Fifty thousand of them, aren’t there?”

“O no, child, not more than fifty.”

“And how do you know where to stick them?”

“You must find out first what kind of a pattern you want, and then you must put the pins in to suit. The holes they make in the parchment stay, and as soon as you have woven the

thread around the pins so that it won't give out, you just draw out the pins and put them in ahead and so go round and round the pillow."

"What kind of thread shall I get?"

"If you want this kind of lace—this is what we call 'chain edging'—you must get the very finest kind of floss thread and a little that is coarse. You'll want some bobbins, too. I don't know where you can get them. I don't believe anybody makes them now-a-days. I shouldn't wonder, though, if I had some myself. I think I have."

"Now let us see you make lace, if you please," said papa. And Mrs. Rene took the lace pillow in her lap and arranged the bobbins, which were made of little cane sticks with a head to them, something like clothes pins, only smaller.—(if your clothes pins are not like ours, I suppose you won't know any better by that what I mean.) There were about twenty of them, and the thread was wound around each one, and then the end of the thread fastened where the work began. The thread was also so fastened to the

bobbin that it would not roll off of itself, because in that case the bobbin would roll over the floor and the thread would soon become tangled. With swift, skillful fingers, Mrs. Rene wove the threads in, among, around, and out of the pins stuck in the parchment, and papa and Jessie looked on with wonder and admiration.

“How much of that can you do in a day?” asked papa.

“I don’t know how much I could do; I do do about a yard. My mother used to make about half a yard a day when she was a little girl, and she got eight cents a yard. I get fifty cents a yard for this, because some people like it for old times’ sake.”

“And may I come to-morrow and begin?”

“I don’t think I can get the pillow ready by to-morrow, but you may come next Monday.”

“Fifty cents a yard,” said Jessie, as they were walking home, “and there are seven days in a week. That’ll be—that’ll be—that’ll be

—three dollars and a half a week, and that'll buy me—O, everything I want.”

“Do you propose to work on Sunday?”

“O, I forgot the Sundays. Well, that's only one day, and that will leave three dollars.”

“If you work hard all day.”

“Which, of course, I shall do.”

“And you are not to work on rainy days?”

“But then I was proposing to work for pleasure, but now I am going to work for—for business, in earnest. I am going to support myself.”

“I think, however, you had better not begin with more than two hours a day.”

“Two hours a day!” and Jessie turned round in the path and faced her father with wounded dignity in every feature. “Two hours a day! What kind of support would that give me?”

“Sure enough,” answered papa, with a smile. “Suit yourself.”

“And suiting myself will be to get myself up bright and early next Monday morning, and march over to Rene's and take my first lesson

in lace-making, and the end of the week sees me an accomplished—eh—workman.’

Now I suppose you think she went to Rene’s and worked very well for about a week, and tolerably well for a week longer, and was very lazy the third week, and the fourth week stopped entirely. Not she. The shameless little gipsy had not been at it two hours, no, nor one hour, before she began to think she “never could learn it! no, never!” At the end of the second hour she said, “There, Mrs. Rene, I think I have got as many ideas into my head as will stay in at one time. I’ll go now, and come again to-morrow.” So she sauntered home, and into the library where her father was sitting.

“Papa,” said she, coolly, “I’ve concluded to take your advice and only work two hours a day at first. I don’t think it is good for my health to sit longer at once. I’m not used to confinement.”

“Very true,” answered papa, elevating his eyebrows.

The second day Jessie stayed an hour and a half, and said over her shoulder, as she was leaving, "I'll come again to-morrow—if it is pleasant."

That night, as she stood at the dining room window, she said, "Papa, don't you think the clouds look a little lowering?" "No," he replied, they are wind clouds." "Or may be fog clouds," added Jessie. "I suppose fogs are just as bad to sit out in, in fact, worse than rain. I suppose it will come cold weather now very soon; the Indian summer must be about over." Papa smiled gravely, but said nothing.

The third day she stayed two hours, and spent more than half the time playing with the kitten on the grass.

The fourth day she was entranced by a birds' nest on one of the boughs, till she happened to discover an ant-hill near by, which engrossed her attention.

The fifth day Rene made pies, and Jessie put the strips round the edges and made a little pie for herself.

“The sixth day completes your preparatory course,” said papa. “To-day you are to be ‘an accomplished workman,’ and I intend to walk over and see you perform.”

Jessie stood aghast. “I don’t know a thing!”

“Not a thing? Isn’t Rene a good teacher?”

“Yes, very; but—but—somehow I don’t seem to know much. How long is it since I began?”

“Just six days.”

“I’ll tell you just how it is, papa,” said Jessie, with winning frankness, and seating herself on his knee. “I like lace-making. I haven’t given it up, by any means. If I were forced to support myself, I think I would do it in that way as soon as any. But the fact is, I think I am too young to support myself; besides, you are rich, at least you are very well off, father; and the fact is, Rene’s house and garden are so charming, and there are so many ants and things there, and birds, and interesting objects, and Rene herself is so charming,

and makes such delicious pies—oh! there, I made you one myself, yesterday, and brought it home and forgot it—I'll go and get it this minute, and you shall see if it isn't nice."

"No, you won't do any such thing. You don't wriggle out of it in that way. Tell me—if you are not going to persevere in things you don't like, nor in things you do like, what are you going to persevere in?"

"Papa, why will you persist in saying I don't persevere, when I tell you I shall persevere when the time comes. To be sure, I like to make lace, but when beautiful things are going on all around me I might as well be doing a thing I don't like as a thing I do like, if I'm to give my whole attention to it. Haven't you often told me to keep my eyes open to see what was going on around me, and be observant, and how can I learn to make lace under such circumstances? Haven't you often told me not to try to do two things at once?"

"You good-for-nothing little minx," ejacu-

lated papa, jerking her down from his knee. "Take yourself off. You'll be a burden on my hands all your life. Clear out!"

"And I'll run and find that pie. It's delicious," answered Jessie, with serene good humor.

And though she often went to Rene's after that, and they became fast, and I may say intimate, friends, I never heard that Jessie made any farther progress in lace-making.

But when the Indian summer was really gone and winter was close at hand, Jessie found herself all alone, but for Nancy, the faithful friend and servant of the family.

"I shall have a very dismal Thanksgiving," sighed Jessie, as she sat on the rug before the bright fire, on Thanksgiving eve. Nancy made no reply, but the busy click of her knitting needles went on.

"A very stupid Thanksgiving," added Jessie, decidedly. Nancy kept on knitting.

"A dull and dismal Thanksgiving," giving the coals an energetic poke.

“In fact, I might as well have no Thanksgiving at all.” Here the sticks of wood, feeling that the one straw too much had been laid upon them, broke down, and came tumbling over the hearth at Jessie’s feet.

Jessie jumped, and Nancy jumped, and the coals were replaced with no further injury than two or three unseemly black spots on the hearth-rug.

“‘Tisn’t worth while to burn the house down if you can’t have a merry-making,” said Nancy, gently; “and I dare say we shall do very well.”

“O, Nancy, you are a very nice person,” replied Jessie, patronizingly—“a very nice person, indeed. I am sure I don’t know what I should do without you. But then, you know you are not like my father and mother, and a great dinner, and a sleigh-ride, and a party in the evening. You will confess that, Nancy?”

“Of course, lovey; but then, we can go to meeting in the morning”—

“Which I must say is very tiresome—all but

the music—and a little praying, just a little. I must say I don't see why we have to go to church when a holiday comes. I don't call it amusement, in the least, and I thought we were to amuse ourselves on holidays."

"O, lovey, don't you want to thank the Lord for"—

"As I was saying, Nancy, I do want to pray a little—and thank Him then; but then I think we might have the music and then go home. I suppose when I grow up I shall enjoy the rest, but now, it is, I must own, very fatiguing, and I think it was very inconsiderate in my Uncle Arthur to fall ill, and take my father and mother away just the very time in the whole year when they are most necessary to my happiness. And Van and Janet gone, too."

"Why, honey, don't you know the Lord sends sickness and health? You mustn't talk so."

"I don't know how it is with grown-up people, Nancy, but when I am sick it is always because I took a second dumpling, or too much

warm Johnny cake and gravy, so the next day I have to make my breakfast off cold, dry bread, or toast without any butter, which I abhor. But I suppose it is different with grown-up people." Jessie heaved a deep sigh, and there was silence for five minutes.

"Jessie," said Nancy, rather abruptly, "you have always had Thanksgiving made pleasant for you. Suppose, now, you should try to make Thanksgiving pleasant for other people?"

"Me!" Jessie looked up as if the thing were incomprehensible.

"Yes, you."

"Why, Nancy. Can I make you a turkey, and cranberry sauce, and plum pudding, or build you a baby-house, or take you a sleigh-riding?"

"No, dear, and I don't want you to do that; but there are many people that you can do some little thing for, and make them happy as your father and mother make you."

"So I should be a kind of father and mother to them. But how do you mean? Now, Nancy,

for instance, I'll be your mother, make believe. Now what should you like to have me do, my dear little daughter?"

Nancy said the first thing she should wish done was to have her yarn unwound from Jessie's feet, where it had become entangled, and then she gave Jessie several hints and set Jessie's own wits at work, and the result was, that Jessie surprised the world on Thanksgiving morning by getting up before sunrise—a thing which she did not like very well, "but you know I have so much to do, Nancy," she said, "that you must wake me early. Another year I shall begin my Thanksgiving a great while beforehand."

When she was dressed she ran down stairs into the kitchen, and made one of her favorite Johnny cakes. Her mother had taught her how to do a great many things, and, though she was but a little girl then, was accustomed to do for herself more than most little girls do. The cake was baked to a delightful brown crisp, and then Jessie put it on a warm plate, and

wrapped a napkin about it, and over that a big crash towel, and, putting on her hood and cloak rushed down to the small house at the end of the lane, where lived old Patrick and his wife Bridget. Contrary to the ordinary Celtic taste, they had a very great relish for steaming Johnny cake.

“Good morning, Bridget,” cried Jessie, panting. “A happy Thanksgiving to you. See what I have brought for you, for breakfast. You haven’t been to breakfast, have you?”

“No, dear, bless the child! Pat! Pat! look here! See what Miss Jessie has brought with her own hands.”

“And I made it too, myself, on purpose for you to keep Thanksgiving.”

“O, Jessie! Ye’s worth yer weight in gould, wid yer bright eyes, and yer red cheeks, makin’ a cake for an ould man like me. Ye’ll be makin’ it for a younger an’ a han’somer ’fore many years is out, I’m thinkin’.”

“O, Patrick! Well, good bye, I must go

home. I haven't had any breakfast yet." And she sprang down stairs two at a time.

At the foot of the stairs she met Patrick's daughter Ellen, with a baby in her arms, and a two-year old, white-headed urchin clinging to her dress. Jessie sung out her "Good morning" to the whole group, kissed the baby, and darted home to the breakfast table, where Nancy was waiting for her. "O, Nancy!" cried she, "and what do you think—I kissed Ellen's baby! I didn't like to do it, very much, but I thought it would please Ellen, so I picked out a clean spot on the top of his face and shut my eyes, and just touched it, you know. But don't you suppose I have something I could give them? Oh! there is my rose balloon, that would do for little Tom, and I know I can find something"—

"But, lovey, hadn't you better finish your breakfast first?"

"No, because why! I can't eat with any satisfaction till I know about that,—and I should just swallow so fast to get through that

it wouldn't be healthy; so you see, Nancy, it's better every way that I should settle this matter first, and I'll just take this bit of cake in my hand, and then I can eat leisurely, while I am rummaging."

Nancy thought it was not worth while to insist, and Jessie disappeared for nearly half an hour. When she came back her apron was full of things, which she dropped helter-skelter on the floor.

"This is a scarf which my mother gave me for my own, and I never wear it, because it is so long, and mother said I was to keep it until I had grown up to it. And do you think she would care if I gave it to Ellen, when it is my very own? And mamma gave it to me because I did not eat butter for a week, and it would be very warm for Ellen, and the weather is coming cold, and I liked it when it was mamma's, because the color is so beautiful."

Nancy thought there could be no objection.

"And here are three pairs of white woolen stockings, that I can't wear, because they are

milled up, or down, so small that I can't more than get my toes into the heels, and I shall give them to Tommy, besides the rose balloon."

"Then here's a kitten that squeaks. She used to mew, but somehow she has been pulled round so that the mew is all gone, and there's only a little faint squeak left; but you know that baby would pull the mewingest kitten that ever was to pieces right away, so it doesn't signify whether she mews or squeaks. And I am going to pick out some of my bright candy, the pink beans, and the strawberries, and give them, besides."

"And oh! here is a red silk apron, that mother says is such a fright, and won't let me wear it, though I think it is very pretty. Wouldn't you give that to Nanty Thula? You know negroes like bright colors. And there, I am going to put my candy into those preserve plates, and carry some down to her."

"Yes, lovey, and I'll give you an apple and a slice of frosted cake to go with it."

"O! that is so nice. I wish, almost, I was

Nanty Thula, myself, so I could get frosted cake."

Nancy took no notice of this broad hint, and the candy and cake were arranged in a basket in the most inviting manner, all ready to be left at Nanty Thula's on the way to church. Then she took her presents for Ellen, and went to the farm house again. Ellen was washing her dishes, and the children playing before the stove.

"Tommy, hold out your hand!" cried she, gayly. Tommy stared.

"Ah! Tommy, something good, but Tommy doesn't want it. Well, Tommy need not have it. Jessie will give it to the baby," and she threw a handful of sugar plums in the baby's lap. Then Tommy held out his hands very readily, but they could not hold all the candy that Jessie flooded them with. His delight at the rose balloon knew no bounds, and the kitten sent up such a squeaking as threatened to destroy all power of squeak in a very few minutes, but as Ellen did not interpose, Jessie



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thought she would not. Their mother was equally though more quietly pleased with the scarf and stockings, into one pair of which Master Tommy's feet were immediately thrust. When Jessie skipped into the house she felt "Just as if I was treading on air, for all the world, Nancy. And Nancy, I don't believe I shall be tired, even in the sermon, for I shall be thinking all the while what a nice time I have had, and if there isn't somebody else to be made happy."

"I'll tell you one more person. It will make me happy if you will listen to the sermon enough to remember three things that the minister says, and tell me when you get home. That shall be your Thanksgiving to me. Just remember three things, and then you may think about something else."

"Not three things all right off, but three things anywhere, you mean?"

"Yes, anywhere in the sermon."

"Indeed, I will do that. And, Nancy, I want to give you something besides that, too, but

the thing is, I can't surprise you. I can't think of anything without you, and it is no fun to plan your own pleasure."

"You'll surprise me enough, lovey, if you remember the three things in the sermon."

"You see, Nancy, you don't believe I will, but you see." And Nancy did see and hear, for Jessie wisely took the very first three things she could get hold of distinctly, and kept saying them over about half the time through the sermon, and at dinner she did repeat them very correctly.

Nanty Thula was very much pleased with the red silk apron, though I don't suppose it was of the slightest use to her; but the bright-colored handkerchief that Nancy added to the parcel she made into a turban, which was of the greatest use; and after Jessie had given the dog and cat an extra bone, and even tolled a wandering kitten to the kitchen door that it might have a Thanksgiving dinner, she settled down to the hearth rug and the glowing fire and a game of backgammon with Nancy, whom she was always

sure of beating, and declared that it was “The very most happiest Thanksgiving I ever had in all my life, ever; and oh! there! I am going to write a letter to my father and mother, a nice letter, and tell them all about it, and so I’ll end off by making them happy, and that will be the best of all.”

I don’t suppose it really was the happiest Thanksgiving Jessie ever spent, still it is a good sign always to feel that the last is best.

But you can see a little what kind of a girl Jessie was.



P U S S Y - C A T .

“Now see here,” said Jack, running in, one morning, under some excitement, “I think that old cat ought to be killed!”

“Oh! what for?” cried Trip, horror-struck.

“Because she’s gone and eaten up and killed every one of the birds.”

“Oh, no! Oh! that is too bad,” cried Gerty. “How do you know?”

“They are every one gone. And Esther says this morning, before sunrise, she opened the

door, and Trosy was just creeping over the woodpile, and looked just as guilty. Esther said she thought she had been up to some mischief."

"The poor little tinty-tonty birds," sighed Trip. "To be all eaten up and swallowed down, when they were just going to fly!"

"And we were going to tame them, and feed them so nice," said Gerty.

"And they were so soft and only had little bits of pin feathers on," added Trip.

"And opened their mouths so longingly," said Gerty. "Oh! what will the poor, old birdie mother do? you wicked, wicked Trosy!"

"What has Trosy done now?" asked Uncle Arthur, coming in just in season to hear Gerty's last appeal.

"Gone and eaten up a whole bird's nest full of birds," said Jack; "and I say she ought to be killed. We shan't ever be able to have birds, Trosy eats them up so. I found this nest on that pile of brush out by the back door. The old bird had hidden it in the twigs just as snug as could be, and we watched it all the time.

It was all little eggs when we first saw it, and then the birds came out"—

"Oh! such little tinty-tonty things!" interrupted Trip, enthusiastic even over their memory. "And they were all snuggled up together just as close."

"And they were all bare and soft, Uncle Arthur," continued Gerty. "They had such big mouths, and they came wide open as soon as ever you went near them. They weren't very pretty, then, you know, not so pretty as they were when they were eggs: but they were cunning and loving, and they were going to be so pretty as soon as they grew out a little more feathers: and now Trosy has killed them all. Oh! I did love them so!"

"So did Trosy, I dare say," said Uncle Arthur, smiling.

"I don't call that love," said Trip, sagely, "to go and kill folkses, and eat them up."

"O, Trip!" said Gerty. "Birds are not folks, but I think Trosy ought to be punished."

"That's no good," said Jack. "I whipped

her after she caught that blue bird and it did not do a bit of good. Nothing will do her any good but Black Pond."

"O, no," said Gerty, who could not adopt such extreme measures, for she was, at heart, very fond of Trosy, though Trosy was fond of birds. "Poor Trosy must not be killed. She's a cat of three colors, and she does not know that birds are any nicer for us than mice. We always praise her when she brings a mouse, and she thinks blue birds are just as good."

"Not a bit of it," said Jack, stoutly; "she knows the difference just as well as you do. Doesn't she bring her mouse in, feather white, and expect to be praised? And when she kills a bird she carries it off under the barn, or somewhere, and glares at you with her great, green eyes, if you come near. She knows she has no business to eat birds, doesn't she, Uncle Arthur?"

"I suspect her conscience is not quite clear," said Uncle Arthur; "but we must not be too hard on her."

“No, poor old Trosy,” said Gerty, “I won’t have her in Black Pond.”

“Strange to me, now,” said Jack, meditatively, “anybody should care about cats. Dogs, now, they do something.”

“Go mad,” interposed Gerty.

“No, but they really do things. Save travellers from freezing, and pull children out of drowning, and carry your lunch-basket, and everything, and know things; but cats,—you never heard of cats doing anything.”

“O, yes,” said Uncle Arthur. “Cats have their histories, no less renowned than dogs. Lord Whittington’s cat, for instance.”

“That was not a real cat, though,” said Jack; “that was only a made-up story.”

“How do you know?”

“Well, I don’t know, but I suppose.”

“What did the cat do,” said Trip; “did she have three colors?”

“That I don’t know, Triptosa, but she probably did, as she was a good mouser. Did you

never hear of Lord Whittington?" Trip shook her head.

"He was a poor scullion. But one day he got tired of turning spits and scouring pots, and on a fine, summer morning, just as the bells were ringing for the people to get up and go to work, he ran away. But as he was running, the bells seemed to be all ringing to him, and saying, pleasantly :

"Turn again, Whittington,
For thou in time shalt grow
Lord-Maior of London."

So the poor little boy stopped running away, and turned around and began to run home again. And very well it was that he did so, for he did become three times Lord Mayor of London, and he was so rich that he lent the king thousands of pounds to carry on the wars in France; and afterwards he gave a party, and invited the king, and entertained him by burning the notes, so that the king should never have to pay the money back. And he built

Whittington College, and Newgate Prison, and fed a great many poor people, and is talked about away over here, in America. Whereas, if he had kept on running away, he would have been very tired, and shipped as a sailor, perhaps, and never been heard of afterward. Moral: Don't run away."

"But what about his cat?" asked Gerty.

"O, yes," said Trip, who was leaning with both elbows on Uncle Arthur's knees and looking up into his face all ready for a story; "where's his cat?"

"To be sure. I forgot his cat. But it was the cat that brought him all his money. One day, when his master was going to send out a shipload of goods, Whittington thought he would like to send something along; so, as he had nothing else, he bundled up his cat and sent her."

"Thought she wasn't worth keeping, I suppose," said Jack. "I wish I could make as many fortunes as I would send Trosy, if a ship was going to sail out of Applethorpe."

“What did they do to the cat?” asked Trip, who did not care for speculation.

“Why, it so happened that the ship sailed to a land where cats were unknown, and the rats and mice were many and saucy, and ran over the king and queen as they sat at dinner.”

“Ugh!” shuddered Gerty, and jumped up into a chair, with her feet tucked under her, at the very thought.

“And even carried off the meat, and nibbled all the cake, and drank the wine, and made themselves generally disagreeable.”

“Yes,” said Trip, sympathetically, “their tails are so cold.”

“How do you know?” queried Jack, in amazement. “Did you ever feel of one?”

“No,” answered Trip, “but they look cold. They have not any fur on their tails. Cats have fur on their tails,—that’s why I like cats,” said Trip, the philosophical.

“Well, Whittington’s cat came in, and then there was a scampering. The rats and mice soon found that a king might be imposed upon,

but a cat was no joke. The king was delighted. He bought the cat, paying heaps of gold for her.

“Home again, came these men,
With their ships loaden so,
Whittington’s wealth began
By this cat thus to grow.”

“There, now, what do you think of cats?”

“Speaking of cats, Uncle Arthur, you might call out Puss in Boots.”

“Puss in Boots was such a dreadful storyteller that perhaps the less we say about her the better. But I can tell you about a Miss Kitten I once heard of. Want me to tell you the story, Tripoli?”

“You bet!” responded Trip, with the sweetest infantine grace.

“What is that?” said Uncle Arthur, staring at her.

“O, you monkey!” shouted Jack. “You bet——ter tell the story. That’s what you mean, isn’t it Trip?”

“Yes, that’s what I always mean. I want to sit up in your lap, Uncle Arthur.”

“Go and get a sponge, first, and let me wash those back-woods words off your lips.”

Trip laughed and made a wry face.

“Let me kiss them off, then. I can’t let them stay there, at any rate.”

So Trip pursed up her mouth gravely, and suffered the offending words to be changed into kisses.

“Now you will never get them back again,” said Uncle Arthur.

“No, I won’t never any more, honor bright!” replied Trip, whose notions of language were vague, but who was eager to hear the story. Uncle Arthur gave up remonstrance, and went on.

“There was once a very pretty kitten who was really in love with a fine young dog that was paying her a great deal of attention; but as young ladies will do sometimes, she trifled with his affections by flirting with a smart, showy fox. But she was well punished, for

presently the fickle fox was drawn away from Miss Kitten by the superior charms of a very ugly Miss Griffin, whose father was reported to be immensely rich. Now, there really was not any Miss Griffin at all, but there was a rich old Griffin, who had been befriended by the dog, and was, therefore, determined to reward him by giving him help in his little love affair. He very justly thought that the way to bring Kittena to her senses was to show her that her fox lover was worthless. So the Griffin muffled his face, and went up stairs, and pretended to be a charming young lady Griffin, and carried on a secret correspondence with the fox outside, and finally promised to elope with him if he would bring a tender young kitten that she might make into a soup, of which her father was very fond, and which always put him to sleep. And the heartless fox actually wheedled the beautiful kitten into going with him to the Griffin's, ostensibly for the purpose of taking a walk, but really to be made into soup! When they got there, the supposed Griffinses

were at the chamber window, and the kitten was first drawn up in a basket, and then the fox. But the Griffin was in no hurry to take the fox out of the basket, and began to admire his lovely, soft tail,—just as you would, Trip.”

“Oh! did they do it?” said Trip, popping up at the first pause.

“Do what?”

“Make her into soup, the beautiful kitten?”

“Oh! we will see about that. The fox turned pale, for he was a coward, besides being rather dizzy. ‘My tail is yours till death,’ said he, faintly, ‘but just take me out of this basket.’ All of a sudden the Griffin clutched his tail, the basket dropped, and there he hung, suspended between heaven and earth. To add to his mortification, the dog ran out from behind a bush and laughed at him, the kitten peeped out of a window and wondered, for she was not in the secret, and the Griffin began to give him a smart lecture on things in general, and honesty in particular,—which was not comfortable. He would much rather have been

lectured to in a reserved seat at the Town Hall, in the regular lyceum course. He saw that he was caught, and felt it, too, for that matter. He made a desperate struggle, and freed himself, leaving his tail in the Griffin's hands. That was not comfortable, either. But once down, he brought his mind to bear on his legs and ran off as fast as possible. So you see, betwixt two mistresses he came to the ground very unpleasantly."

"All but his tail," said Jack, in an undertone.

"To be sure,—while his honest rival, the dog, married the cat, and they lived very happy ever after. So you see, Trip, the beautiful kitten was not made into soup."

"So you have lost your catsup," said Jack, elevating his eyebrows in admiration of his own wit.

"But that was not a real, true story, Uncle Arthur," said Trip.

"The kitten was silly enough to be a real kitten," said Jack; "but if you are going to

have heroic stories about cats you must make them up, for all cats care for is milk and mice and birds, and to sit in laps. You never catch a cat lifting her finger for anybody else, as dogs do all the time."

"I don't know about that, my boy. What do you make of the Wurtzburg cat?"

"Don't make anything of her. Never was introduced."

"Oh! now begin a real story," said Gerty. "Once there was a cat,—"

"Once there was a cat!" said Jack, contemptuously, "forty million times there was a cat, five in a litter. You never talk of cats less than a dozen."

"Once there was a man, then," said Uncle Arthur, "or, five times there was a cat, if that pleases you better. But suppose we take the man first. He was a German, and an architect, and he agreed to build a bridge over the River Maine. Where is the River Maine, Jack?"

"Oh! the River Maine? why, Frankfort-on-

the-Maine, why it's in Germany, in the northern part of Germany, say."

"It isn't," said Gerty, "it's in the southern part of Germany, in Bavaria."

"Well, well, somewhere around there, just as I said," retorted Jack, loftily. "Go on, Uncle Arthur, don't be disturbed by trifles,—a bridge over the River Maine!"

"This architect, having rather more than the usual share of Dutch phlegm, being, that is, extremely lazy, grew tired before the work was fairly begun, and made a contract with the Evil One"—

"Your 'devil,'" said Jack, explaining to Trip. Uncle Arthur laughed, for he had been told about Trip's blundering into the word. Trip blushed. She was rather sensitive about it, and she turned Uncle Arthur's face away from Jack with a vigorous grasp of the chin, and a command to "Go on! Tell!"

"He told the Evil One that if he would build the bridge for him, he would give him the first living being that passed over it. He was cun-

ning in this, as lazy people generally are. They have to contrive so many ways to shirk their duties that it sharpens their faculties; for he worded the contract so that any living thing would fulfil it, while the Evil One supposed, of course, that he meant a human being, and went to work on the bridge with such hearty good will that it was very soon finished. Then he wanted his pay, and stood on the further end of the bridge, with outstretched arms, to catch the first person that should come over. But the architect appeared at the opposite end, opened the folds of his ample cloak, and out leaped a cat, which scudded across the bridge and was out of sight before the astonished victim had time to recover from his consternation at having, for once in his life, been 'caught napping.' "

"And he couldn't catch the cat, nor nothin'?" queried Trip.

"But it wasn't a bit true story," said Gerty. "The Evil One never did catch a cat."

“No, the cat was too swift for him and ran away.”

“But there never was any such thing, really.”

“No such thing? Why, I have been to Bavaria and seen it myself. There is the city of Wurtzburg, and the River Maine, and the bridge over it, and the very cat herself on the middle of the bridge, carved in stone, to this very day. Not true, indeed! What is the use of telling stories if people won't believe what you have seen with your own eyes?”

“O, dear!” sighed Trip, “my foot's asleep.”

“Sure your head isn't, Triptolemy?” and Uncle Arthur put her down, and Trip went limping around the room, vigorously rubbing her little striped stocking.

“But see here, Uncle Arthur,” said Jack, “you don't set up that you have made out much of a case with your old cats. It is no great in a cat to run. Anybody would with the ‘Old Harry’ after him.”

“But you will admit that cats have their place in history and literature.”

“A stone cat,” said Jack, meditatively. “That’s the best kind of a cat I ever heard of. She would not catch blue birds, nor kill whole bird’s nests. O, my! I wish I had nothing to do but sit here and tell stories.”

“What business overwhelms you now?”

“I’ve oceans to do any way; and worst thing of all, I’ve got to speak a piece next Saturday. I hate that.”

“My! I should think you would like it,” said Gerty. “I like to read.”

“I should like it if I had no eyes nor hands. When you read you can hold your book and look at it, but when you speak, you can’t do anything with your hands most of the time, only hang ’em, and you don’t know where to look,—and I don’t know what to speak. I wish you would find me something, Uncle Arthur.”

“Me?” said Uncle Arthur.

“You’d scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage!”

“No, but find something new for me to speak. Everything is so old. Make me a speech yourself, Uncle Arthur.”

“To order? Shall it be eloquent or comical?”

“Oh! I don’t care.”

“Tell how Trosy caught the birds,” said Trip.

“And be pathetic? Well, I will see.”

They did not think much more about it, but next evening Uncle Arthur told Jack he had written a speech for him. “But,” said he, “I found writing rather dull work, so I wrote it in verse!”

“O, poetry!” said Jack, with the air of one who was not an enthusiastic devotee of the Muse.

“Not poetry enough to hurt,” said Uncle Arthur. “But if you don’t want it, Gerty shall have it; or, if Gerty declines, it shall go to Trip. You like verses, don’t you, Trip?”

“Yes,” said Trip, “when I’m going to sleep. Not so good as stories, though.”

“O, my, Uncle Arthur!” cried Jack; “you ought to have heard Trip going on the other day, in the swing, swinging all alone, and saying,—‘Annie and Rhoda,’ just as loud,—

‘My ears shall never to wooer list,
Never by lover my lips be kissed.’

Who’s your lover, Trip? It’s Ned, pushing you into the water.”

“Pooh!” said Trip, coolly. “That’s nothing.”

“Come,” exclaimed Uncle Arthur, “you are the least curious audience I ever saw in my life. Why don’t you ask me for my verses?”

“All ready,” sung Jack, “you read them, Uncle Arthur, and then I shall know just how to twang them when it comes my turn.”

So Uncle Arthur began:

“Trosy, Trosy, you mischievous elf,
What have you, pray, to say for yourself?”

Oh! it is about Trosy,” cried Trip, clapping her hands, “just as I said my own self.”

“Of course,” answered Uncle Arthur, “when a young lady wants a song, what can a gentleman do but write it? This is Trosy’s defence of herself against the charge of slaughter and cruelty and guilt. You have had your say, it is a pity Trosy should not have hers. Are you listening?”

“Like everything. Now let’s know what Trosy did have to say.”

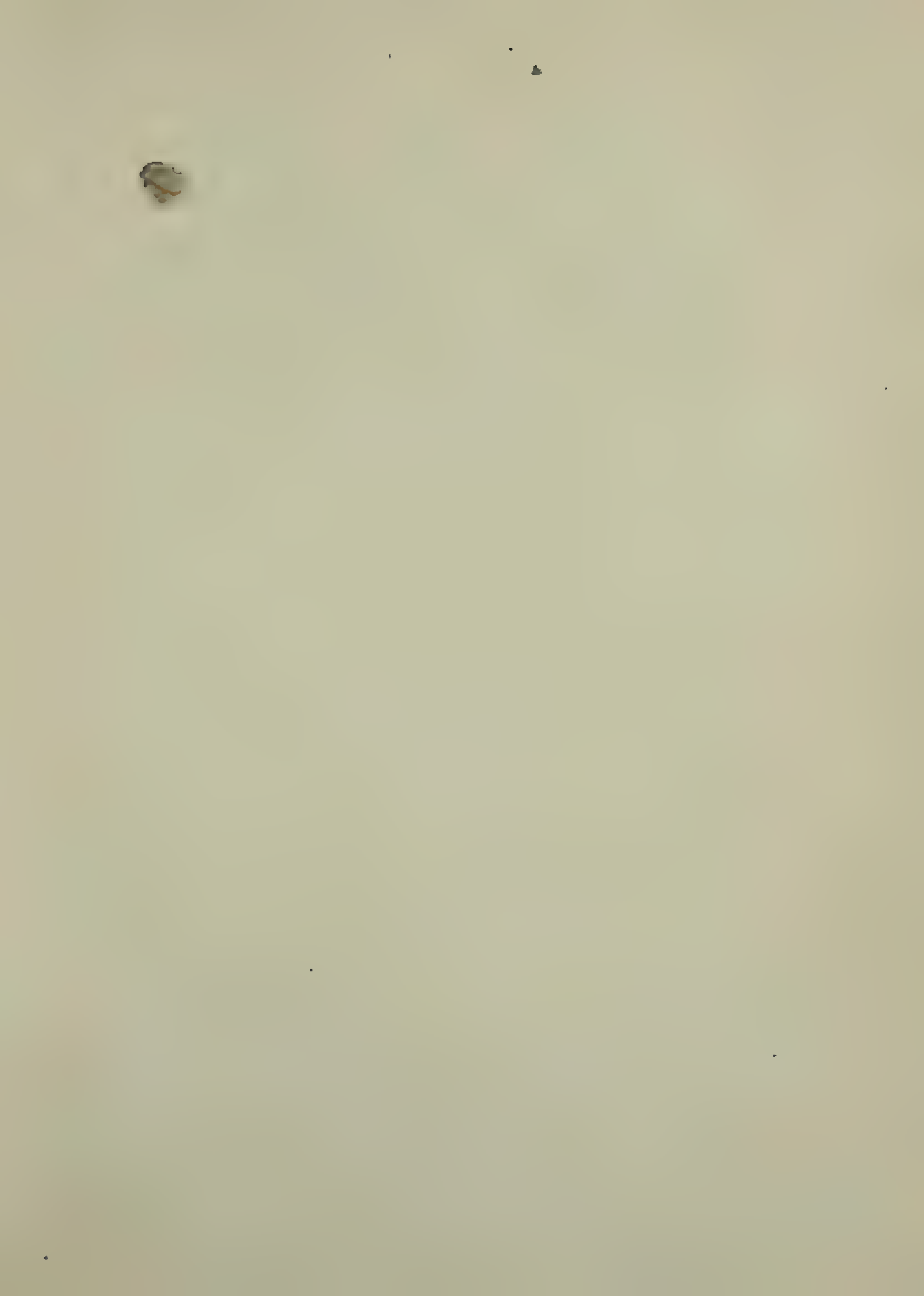
But Trosy was now
Asleep on the mow,
And only drawled dreamily, “Ma-e-ow.”

“Trosy, Trosy, come here to me,—
The naughtiest Trosy I ever did see!
I know very well what you’ve been about;
Don’t try to conceal it, murder will out.
Why do you lie so lazily there?”

“O, I have had a breakfast rare!”

“Why don’t you go and hunt for a mouse?”

“O, there’s nothing fit to eat in the house!”





SEE PAGE 183.

“Dear me! Mrs. Kitty,

This is a pity;

But I guess the cause of your change of ditty.

What has become of the beautiful thrush

That built her nest in the heap of brush?

A brace of young robins as good as the best;

A round little, brown little, snug little nest;

Four little eggs all green and gay,

Four little birds all bare and gray,

And Papa Robin went foraging round,

Aloft on the trees, and alight on the ground.

North wind, or south wind, he cared not a groat,

So he popped a fat worm down each wide-open throat;

And Mamma Robin through sun and storm

Hugged them up close, and kept them all warm;

And Tripoli watched the dear little things,

Till the feathers pricked out on their pretty wings,

And their eyes peeped up o'er the rim of the nest.

Trosy, Trosy, you know the rest.

The nest is empty, and silent and lone;

Where are the four little robins gone?

O, Puss! you have done a cruel deed!

Your eyes, do they weep? your heart, does it bleed?

Do you not feel your bold cheeks turning pale?

Not you! You are chasing your wicked tail,

Or you just cuddle down in the hay, and purr,
Curl up in a ball, and refuse to stir.
But you need not try to look good and wise ;
I see little robins, old Puss, in your eyes ;
And this morning, just as the clock struck four,
There was some one opening the kitchen door.
And caught you creeping the wood-pile over,—
Make a clean breast of it. Kitty Clover !”

Then Trose
Arose,
Rubbed up her nose,
And looked very much as if coming to blows ;
Rounded her back,
Leaped from the stack,
On *her* feet, at *my* feet, came down with a whack.
When fairly awake, she stretched out her paws,
Smoothed down her whiskers, and unsheathed her claws.
Winked her green eyes
With an air of surprise,
And spoke rather plainly for one of her size.

“Killed a few robins ! Well, what of that ?
What’s virtue in man can’t be vice in a cat.
There’s a thing or two I should like to know,—
Who killed the chicken a week ago ?

For nothing at all that I could spy,
But to make an overgrown chicken pie.

'Twixt you and me,

'Tis plain to see,

The odds is, you like fricassee,

While my brave maw

Owens no such law,

Content with viands *a-la-raw*.

“Who killed the robins? O, yes! O, yes!

I *would* get the cat now into a mess!

Who was it put

An old stocking-foot,

Tied up with strings,

And such shabby things,

On to the end of a sharp, slender pole,

Dipped it in oil, and set fire to the whole,

And burnt all the way from here to the miller's

The nests of the sweet young caterpillars?

Grilled fowl, indeed!

Why, as I read,

You had not even the plea of need;

For all you boast

Such wholesale roast,

I saw no sign, at tea or toast,

Of even a caterpillar's ghost.

“Who killed the robins? Well, I *should* think!
Hadn't somebody better wink
At my peccadilloes, if houses of glass
Won't do to throw stones from at those who pass?
I had four little kittens a month ago,—
Black, and Malta, and white as snow;
And not a very long while before
I could have shown you three kittens more.
And so in batches of fours and threes,
Looking back as long as you please,
You would find, if you read my story all,
There were kittens from time immemorial.

“But what am I now? A cat bereft:
Of all my kittens, but one is left.
I make no charges, but this I ask,—
What made such a splurge in the waste-water cask?
You are quite tender-hearted. O, not a doubt!
But only suppose old Black Pond could speak out.
O, nonsense! don't mutter excuses to me:
Qui facit per alium, facit per se.”

“Well, Trosy, I think full enough has been said
And you may as well canter back into bed.

A very fine pass,
Things have come to, alas!

If men must be meek
While pussy-cats speak
Grave moral reflections in Latin and Greek."

Jack thought it was rather long to learn, but Trip was a hearer worth having, for she declared you would not have to learn it at all,—it goes itself!



A SNOW-STORM.

Jack and Gerty and Trip were very comfortable. There was a big wood fire blazing in the “Franklin stove,” and the little fender was set away in the corner. Father and Uncle Arthur were looking over old account-books at the table. Mother sat by her large mending-basket, reading the morning paper,—rather late in the day, for it was evening. A bowl of popcorn stood on the hearth, and Gerty was just bringing in the corn-popper. A row of fair,

round apples sputtered between the andirons, and the wind howled fiercely without, and the snow whirled against the panes. Trip was reading a very old bound volume of the American Tract Society. One good thing about Trip's reading was, that it was not choice. If she could not get Arabian Nights she was very happy with American Tracts; and from most soul-harrowing dialogues between the "Profane Swearer and Myself," would enter into perfectly cheerful conversation on pop-corn and frozen milk. A covered jar of milk was set in a corner of the kitchen every evening, to which the children were constantly trotting out with their little mugs from the sitting-room. They were very fond of milk, and were allowed to drink it as often and as freely as they chose.

Of course they were very comfortable. "Oh!" said Gerty, with a shudder half of delight and half of dread as a violent gust shook the windows, "doesn't it seem to be warmer in here for being so stormy out-doors? Seems

as if the storm wants to get in and be cuddled up by the fire."

"Yes," said Trip, "I can see him peakin' and winkin' at the window." Trip was seldom asked for an opinion, so she generally proffered one early.

"O, don't!" cried Gerty, "it is just scarey. I shall think I see old stragglers looking in at the windows."

"That would not hurt you," said Jack, indifferently. "A cat may look at a king. How should you like to live out in Minnesota, and look up some evening and see an Indian flattening his nose against the glass?" Trip prudently took a seat on the cricket a little nearer the fire, and a little farther from the window.

"There aren't any Indians here," said Jack, "you need not be afraid."

"No," says Trip, squeezing in between him and Gerty, "but I want to be sociable."

"But oh! won't it be fun to-morrow?" says Jack. "Perhaps there'll be snow drifts. It

has been snowing ever since three o'clock, and I think more likely than not by to-morrow morning it will be drifted."

"As high as the house?" queried Trip.

"Of course not," said Gerty; "snow never drifts as high as that."

"Why, yes, to be sure," answered Jack. "Didn't father say, once when he was a boy the snow drifted away up to the roof, or somewhere, and they had to dig a tunnel to get out?"

"Oh! wouldn't that be nice, to have the snow all over your head and walk through an arch every time you went out doors? We should cuddle in the house just like mice in a hole."

"We should be desert islanders," said Jack, "only the sea all around us would be snow."

"We should be cast away in a coral cave under the sea," continued Gerty, "because the snow would be over our heads."

"And we could tunnel under the snow and get out to the barn and take care of the cows

and horses and sheep and pigs, so they should not die."

"And we have plenty to eat in the house,—in the cave. Barrels of apples and heaps of potatoes and butter."

"And corned beef," said Jack.

"Oh! I don't like corned beef," said Trip, with a wry face.

"Well, there's no end of sausages and mince pies, and four plum puddings in the buttery, and a jar of mince meat in the cheese-safe." The desert island began to look brighter.

"If it was a long, long while," said Gerty, "and we had eaten up all the nice things, perhaps corned beef would taste real good."

"If 'twas a cave under the sea," said Trip, "and I was real hungry, and everything was gone, and there wasn't any corned beef, I s'pose my mother would let me have a piece of plum cake that wasn't crumbs." Trip felt that nothing short of this would justify such an expectation. If a piece of a slice was left on a plate

the children were allowed to have it, but a whole slice was never to be meddled with. Consequently, it had for them no temptation. "And after cake and everything was all gone we could live on pop-corn."

"Yes," said Gerty, "that would be the most desert island of all. And then pretty soon after that we should begin to starve."

"And die," said Trip, drawing back a little from the desert island.

"No," said Jack, "we should only just begin to be hungry because everything was gone, and then we should take the snow shovels and dig, and dig, and dig, and then the snow first looks a little light, and then a little bright, and then it all slumps through, sudden, and there's the blue sky, and the corn growing, and it is summer, and we have been in there all winter and had a splendid time."

"Wouldn't it be splendid?" said Gerty. "But it can't ever happen."

"No, not in this country," said Jack.

"Oh!" suggested Trip, "it is so nice. Let

us go to Hottentot and have it there." Trip's geography, as you may perceive, was none of the best; but not on that account would Trip shrink from geography.

"Much you know!" cried Jack, contemptuously. "It's Coldentot you want to go to. Isn't here corn enough, Gerty?"

"Yes, but you ought to turn that apple. He's sputtering and spattering away harder than any of the others."

"He's the captain of the regiment, giving orders under the hottest fire. Wheel about, old fellow! Whew! you needn't burn my fingers. You're jolly juicy, though," and Jack sucked his fingers with great relish of that remedy for burns.

"Isn't it too bad, though," mused Gerty, "that the nicest things are the ones that never happen? If little bits of people only could live under a toad-stool, and you could pick up diamonds and pearls, or have a gold eagle in your pocket all the time, no matter how often you spent him,"—

“And get into a robber’s den and fill your pockets with silver and gold, and forget how to get out, and have your head cut off when the robber comes back. How would you like that?”

“Pooh!” said Trip, “I should hide when I heard him coming. I should hide behind the door, and when he opened it, I think it’s a chance if I shouldn’t run right out a tiptoe and he wouldn’t see me.”

But when the day broke, when the sun arose, and the storm was over, so many wonderful things happened that they forgot the robber’s den and the cave under the sea. They were not indeed on a desert island, but they were in the midst of a great, wide, white sea of snow. Half the railroad had disappeared. The driveway was nowhere to be seen. The fences had sunk in the snow-ocean. Little peaks of snow darkened the south windows, and mountains of snow closed up the shed and barred the pathway to the barn. Blue bent the sky over all the bright earth, and the brilliant sunshine and the

sparkling snow were more dazzling than any gems in a robber's cave.

"I tell you," yelled Jack, coming in from the white world, with cheeks as red as cranberries; and his information was far more impressive than if it had been less vague. It seemed a pity to smite the pure snow with shovel and spade, but the patient oxen and the gentle cows must be fed; and long before the children were up, the men were out digging paths in all directions. Gerty and Trip were not long behind Jack in being out amongst them. The path to the shed was inclosed by snow banks higher than Trip's head, and behind the barn was a real snow hill, which was very good, though not very long coasting ground.

The snow was rather too light and dry to make snow balls of, but they jumped in it, and threw themselves down full length on the smooth places to make a print in the snow; and then they went up on the real hill and slid down quite through the orchard, for the orchard wall was buried under the snow; and

then they went in to breakfast,—a breakfast of brown-bread cakes, yellow within, and brown of crust, oval and crisp, and steaming hot, with brown beef-steak gravy,—a very unwholesome, possibly, and un-English breakfast; but the proof of the pudding is in the eating and not in your theories about it.

No school that day, for the roads were not broken, and it was nearly noon before the snow-diggers came by, —merry groups of men and boys, with ox teams and snow shovels and drags and rollers,—and Jack jumped on the sleds and was as brave as any of them, while Gerty and Trip could only watch them disappearing and bewail their womanhood. But they had a merry morning with their sleds, girls though they were; and when, after dinner, they went out again, they found their father and Uncle Arthur and one of the men, busy with a singular piece of work.

“O, father!” cried Gerty, “what are you going to do with the old sleigh? That is what we play in, Trip and I.”

“Beg a thousand pardons for appropriating your property without leave, Miss Meadows,” said their father; but he went on hammering and hauling just the same. “How should you like to set up a carriage of your own?”

“Ownty-donty, to keep?” said Trip.

“As long as the sun and the moon and the shafts endure.”

“Is that what you are doing, father?” asked Gerty, eagerly. “Are you going to make a sleigh, with a really horse in it, out of the old sleigh?”

“Yes,” said Mr. Meadows, “with a really horse in it if we can get a really sleigh to begin with,—so that you can go to school when the snow is deep.”

And when Jack came home he found that he had lost some fun as well as gained some, for Gerty and Trip were in a state of great delight over their new carriage,—their very own. It was a comical-looking establishment, to be sure. First, there was a big ox sled; then, on the top of that was the body of the old red

sleigh, well fastened to the sled with nails and cleats; then the web of the sled had been taken out and a pair of shafts put on so that the vehicle could be drawn by a horse. Of course the sled was a good deal broader than the sleigh, so that there was plenty of room for boys to stand on the outside of the sled around the sleigh. A pole or post was fastened to each corner of the sled just as it used to be before the sleigh was put there, when the sled was used only for hauling wood. A buffalo robe and an old carriage blanket were to go with the sled-sleigh, and Caddy was to draw it. Caddy was the pet horse, beloved next after Brownie. Caddy was not very handsome. She was a reddish-gray color, and that looked a little faded. But she was a very wise and gentle horse. She had been high-spirited in her day. Once, when she was a colt, Jack and one of the men started to drive to church with her; but instead of going quietly to church, as a well-bred horse should, she backed, and backed, and backed, till she backed them, wagon and

all, over a stone wall into the garden, for Caddy was too brave a beast to be balked by a stone wall. Once she stood in the lane behind the barn, with a loaded wagon attached, and refused to move. Mr. Meadows would not beat her, but he let her stand there as long as she liked. She chose to stay all night, and he found her in the morning just where he had left her, but evidently she was very glad to be found, for when he gave orders she obeyed without hesitation, and never played him that trick again. Caddy was older and wiser, now,—she had always been gentle and affectionate, and she was very much beloved by the female folk,—a love which she apparently returned in full measure.

They were still chattering over the new sleigh when the whistle and rush of the steam engine was heard for the first time that day. The road had been so blocked with snow that the trains could not get on. There was a general rush for the railroad-side, not only by the children, but by everybody; for, though the

road was quite clear past their house, there was a very deep drift a few rods away, and it was a sight to see the engine dash into it. A huge sharp snow plough was fastened in front of the first engine, which had two other engines behind it to help. As the train went by they could see that the engineer and fireman looked like two great snow men, so covered and crusted were they with the snow. As the engine reached the snow drift which sloped toward it, the plough dug its peaked nose in gently near the ground, and scattered the snow right and left in a hurry.

“No use!” cried Jack, “snow banks are played out, aren’t they, father, since snow ploughs were invented?”

“I am not so sure,” said his father. And indeed, though the plough drove in deeper and deeper, and whirled the snow in a white spray and storm that hid the engine completely, they found very soon that the train had stopped. The pure, still snow, that looked so bright and beautiful and peaceful, lay in the track of the

train, obstinate and disobliging as you can well imagine, and stronger than all the steam and iron that strained against it. Slowly the engines drew back out of the snow bank, back nearly to where the children were standing.

“The poor old locomotive,” said Gerty, “he has got to give it up.”

“Not a bit,” cried Jack. “You see they are going to butt.”

“Shouldn’t you think the engineer would be cold,” said Trip, “all freezed up so in the snow?”

“No, indeed,” shouted Jack; “why, they are all warm as toast in their big coats and close by the fire. My stars! I wish I was there! I’d go into that snow bank, sir, like a wedge! I’d tunnel her through!”

“I’d wait and let her melt,” said Trip, in an undertone. Trip was a little scared.

“And get to Boston by the Fourth of July! Trip, you are enterprising.”

Here the engine put on steam and made another dash at the snow bank. Again the snow

flew into a shower that wrapped the engine out of sight, and again the engines withdrew discomfited.

“You see the engine is all out of breath and tired out, and comes back to breathe and take a fair start,” said Gerty.

“And roll up his shirt sleeves, and spit on his hands, and pitch in again,” added Jack, who was sometimes pre-Raphaelitic.

“Why, the engine isn’t a man,” cried Trip, who had a soul above metaphors.

“No,” said Gerty, “it’s a great monster, it’s a dragon fighting. There he goes again, ko-chuck! ko-chuck! ko-chuck!”

Pretty soon a gang of laborers swarmed out of a car with their shovels, and began to dig in front of the engines.

“The plough and the engines have butted the snow so hard, you see,” explained Jack, “that they have got to cut it away. They can’t go through it.”

Here a gentleman came toward them from the train, and addressing Mr. Meadows, said

that there were two ladies in one of the cars who had come a long distance, and were much fatigued with the delays and the journey. Was it possible to get a cup of coffee for them? The children immediately rushed home, and Esther speedily brought out her biggest coffee-pot, and two of the largest mince pies were well warmed through by the time the coffee was ready. Then Jack brought out his sled and Trip was snugly seated on it, with orders to hold the coffee-pot steady, while Gerty walked beside her, for Trip's steadiness was not to be trusted; and Uncle Arthur carried the pies and cheese, and a few cups and plates in a basket. "A traveling restaurant!" cried Jack, trying to prance a little, but the snow was still too deep, and the coffee-pot too full to admit of much curveting; and when they reached the train, and Jack found that he was expected to be the waiter of the traveling restaurant, to go into the car and carry his pies and coffee, while the others waited outside, he was a little daunted. He would rather have

got upon the engine and dashed into the snow bank. However, he acquitted himself with great propriety. Esther's coffee was received with the keenest delight, and her pies pronounced the best that ever were eaten; though the circumstances under which they were eaten may have enhanced their excellence. Several of the passengers wished to pay Jack, but, though visions of commerce and coin danced somewhat wildly before his eyes, he had the presence of mind to decline all proffers.

"You see, mother," he said, when telling her about it, "of course it would have been mean to sell pies to them, all snowed up, and they asking for it,—but now I might go on the trains, regular, and sell pies and coffee, and make ever so much money, because you see the pies wouldn't cost anything, and I could get ten cents a piece,—not ten cents a pie, you know, but ten cents a piece of pie."

"Oh! then," said his mother, "I am to provide the capital, and you are to have the profits."

“Well,” said Jack laughing, “it stands to reason you wouldn’t grudge a few pies to your own child!”

By continued and alternate shoveling and butting, the train presently overcame the snow bank and passed out of reach,—rather to the children’s regret. But it was high time to go in to supper, for word had come that they were to go to the “Exhibition” in the evening. The “Exhibition” was held two or three times during the winter in the school house, in the evening. The exercises consisted chiefly of “spelling down” and “speaking pieces.” This evening it was to be “speaking pieces,” and as the roads were broken through by evening, and as the weather was fine, there was no reason for delay. Father and mother, Uncle Arthur and Esther, were to go in the sleigh. Jack and Gerty and Trip were to take the new contrivance. Jack was to drive, and they were going around to “get a load.” So, as soon as supper was over, the hot soapstones were brought out to put their feet on, heated

planks was put under the buffalo for them to sit on, and Gerty and Trip had huge muffs to hold in their laps and keep their hands warm. As for Jack, he was a boy, and would keep warm any way. Besides, was he not going to drive? and is not driving warm work? The bells that hung around Caddy's neck were none of your little tinkling things that a baby might play with, but good-sized, round, ringing, jingling bells, that could be heard, and that would stir the blood to hear; but, as they jingled along, stopping at Aleck's, stopping at Ralph's, calling for Olive, and taking in a whole flock at the Levere's, the noise of the laughing and chattering and shouting was even more cheery and heartsome than the bells. The finest sleigh in the world would not have been more merry.

"I tell you," said Ralph, "I'd get out a patent for this team, Jack. It's enough sight better fun than a better sleigh."

"Better sleigh! where's your manners?" cried Jack; and gave him an unexpected lunge off the sleigh into a snow bank. But Ralph

was up and on again in a moment, breathless amid the shouts and shrieks of laughter.

“I owe you one, my lad,” said he, as soon as he could speak.

“That’s the value of this pattern of establishment,” cried Aleck. “You can get on and off easy.”

Then some of the girls declared they meant to have the fun of riding outside, and they climbed over the sleigh and stood on the sled, while the displaced boys climbed into the sleigh; and once the sled gave a lurch into an unseen drift, and one of the poles snapped off short, and over went half a dozen boys head first into the snow. Jack stopped then, but nobody was hurt, and they all scrambled back again; and by the time they reached the school house there was nothing to be seen of sled or sleigh,—only a crowd of hats and hoods and comforters.

The “Exhibition” was brilliantly successful. Trip spoke nineteen “pieces,” and then she went to sleep, or she would have spoken nine-

teen more. There were dialogues of the most amusing character. One was King Alfred in the herdsman's hut. And oh! how Olive did scold King Alfred, Garnet, for letting the Johnny cake burn. And when the peasant husband, Jack, went out to see to the out-door work, it was marvellous to hear how natural was the sound of his wood-chopping axe; and Jack even took liberties with the text, and you could hear him outside the school house call to the milk maid, "Take old brindle first and leave one teat for the calf!" which quite brought down the house.

Then Rob Maynard and Gerty and Trip had a dialogue together, in which there was a ghost scene, and Rob was the husband, and began, to Gerty, his wife,—

"Nonsense, you silly old woman! What you say is not possible."

"I never said 'twas possible," retorts old wife Gerty. "I only said 'twas true. And if ever I heard music in my life I heard it last night."

The only trouble was, that Trip would be so interested in what the others were saying, that she would forget when her own turn came, and need to be nudged. But then she would make up in rapidity what she lacked in promptness. There was, also, a long story of five or six or more pages in one of their reading books,—Worcester's Third Book, as it was called,—about a bad boy who broke his leg and a good boy who gained apples. This story the big boys one day had discovered that Trip had learned by heart in some mysterious way, and they made her repeat it to them one noon time, every word, while Aleck and Fred held books and looked over. Trip did not think it was anything remarkable, as she had learned it without conscious effort, and she drummed her heels against the bench, and rattled it off as coolly as you please. Some of the boys were very desirous she should say it this evening; so the teacher consented, though it was not strictly an oration; and Trip, nothing loth, trotted up under the evergreen arch, made her

small bob of a curtsy, and piped out her small philippics and exhortations, "Do you, my dear little readers, always obey your mother as this good boy did?" And they could not help smiling all around the crowded benches,—all but Trip, who thought it quite commonplace, and did not at all see what they were laughing at. Still she laughed, because the others did, and liked the fun so much that every time there was a pause, up popped her little hand in token that she had something to "speak;" and, as the teacher and audience were alike in good humor for a joke, Trip was allowed to distinguish herself under the arch as often as she chose. And being aided and abetted, not to say edged on, by the big boys, she whipped out of her silly little brain every piece of verse that she knew, until her mother sent word to her not to go out again. Whereupon Trip, as I said, gave up the exercises into other people's hands, and fell asleep. Afterwards, when Mr. Wexford came in, some of the boys were bent on having Trip repeat her long story again, that

he might hear it, and they went to the teacher and begged accordingly. But finding Trip's hair flying out over all the desk where her little head lay pillowed, he concluded she had done enough for fame and for her country, and would not let her be awakened.

The Exhibition went on successfully, even after Trip had subsided, closing with a most spirited rendering of Hail Columbia, in which school and spectators heartily joined; and then there was a grand rush for Gerty's sleigh. A sort of sweepstakes invitation had been given, and everybody who could jump in or climb on, considered himself an invited guest. As for Trip, her untimely slumbers came near bringing her to grief. As she did not wake up during all the speaking and singing, her father feared it would not be quite safe to trust her in Jack's team. When, therefore, Trip came to what few little senses she had, she found herself being lifted into the real sleigh, and not into her very own. And if Trip had not had presence of mind enough to set up an immedi-

ate and vigorous,—pardon the word,—caterwauling, proving thereby that she was wide awake, she would have been carried off ignominiously with her elders. As it was, she was speedily and securely deposited in the very middle of Queen Bess, as they had agreed to name the sled-sleigh, and being much refreshed by her nap, came home as gay as the best.

Queen Bess and Caddy made many a trip that winter, carrying the children to and from school, and were a source of untiring satisfaction to the little people of Applethorpe.

